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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 231

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

The Serious Canadian Opposition 234
The Barbarian 234
The College and the Making of Men.. 235
The Art of the Short Story 236

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

A Scottish University: Its Fifth Centenary 237

CORRESPONDENCE:

Business Men and Scholars 238
A Test-Case for Universal Arbitration 239
The Pinch of the Customs 239
An Allusion to Blake 240

LITERATURE:

Some Problems of Philosophy 240
Mother Carey's Chickens 241
Tales of the Town 242
Fenella 242
The Wilderness Trail 242
The Mother of Goethe 243

NOTES 244

SCIENCE 246

DRAMA:

The Dramas of Maeterlinck 246

MUSIC 249

ART:

Piranesi 250

FINANCE:

The Berlin Stock Market and the "War Talk" 250

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 251

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1911.

The Week

Gov. Harmon's criticism of Mr. Taft's tariff vetoes is not so easily answered. Who can deny the truth of his statement that Mr. Taft needed no tariff commission report,

when he promised a general reduction before his election, nor when he called the special session to keep the promise, nor when he signed the bill that broke the promise, nor when he confessed that the woollen and cotton goods duties were too high, nor when he made the agreement with Canada?

Nor is it possible to deny the Governor's assertion that Mr. Taft refuses to give any tariff relief where he admits it is needed "until five men who are not responsible to the people, nor even experts, shall advise him" how much the profits of men who by tariff-making trickery have obtained the right to rob the people shall have those profits reduced. On what he deems Mr. Taft's abuse of the veto power, Gov. Harmon is equally emphatic. He believes in the veto; but for Mr. Taft to use it to defeat the plain mandate of the people as expressed by Congress, because he himself is not certain about its wisdom, and wishes to wait for somebody else to advise him, is, the Governor thinks, "a new and perilous departure from the wise design of the Constitution." Even discounting the fact that he is a Democrat, Mr. Harmon's criticism, coming after Champ Clark's vigorous protest, puts Mr. Taft more clearly on the defensive than before, just as he sets forth on his tour of vindication.

Senator Bailey's announcement that he will not be a candidate for reëlection at the end of his present term does not constitute the sole basis for expecting the Senator's absence from Washington after March 3, 1913. Mr. Bailey could not be reëlected if he would, such has been his steadily mounting unpopularity among the people of Texas. The Democratic victory of last year, the Democratic record in the last session of Congress, and the Democratic hopes of next year, have all combined to make Senator Bailey's position untenable. It may be pardonable in the member of a minority party to kick over party principles and the party traces. A touch of madness is always permissible in people who are in a minority, and besides there is no harm done. But with the Democrats once more come into their own, recreancy of Mr. Bailey's type becomes a very real source of embarrassment. The Democratic party cannot afford to have it said that one of the most conspicuous survivals of "Aldrichism" is to be found within their own ranks. Mr. Bailey entered the United States Senate at the early age of thirty-eight. He will leave it at fifty, what we regard in politics as still a young man. His passing is significant of the profound change that is coming over the make-up and the temper of the Senate.

In Monday's vote in Maine, on the proposal to strike prohibition of the liquor traffic from the State Constitution, the cities went strongly against prohibition; the country districts stood stanchly by the old policy. This does not necessarily imply that Bangor and Portland and Biddeford are as wicked as Sodom and Gomorrah. Nor does the vote of the rural sections prove that they are models of all the virtues. But the large towns and the villages gave a natural verdict upon the conditions as they have been affected by them. In the cities, the prohibition law has been too often a mixture of farce and failure. There has been not only drunkenness, but a great deal of beastly drunkenness. Maine seaports have had a bad name with naval officers, who have said that shore-leave there meant the worst kind of intoxication for the sailors. At points near the Canadian or the New Hampshire line the going to and fro in search of intoxicants has long been notorious. One Sunday morning train from the north has had the nickname of the "Grand Drunk Train." Near Portsmouth the sight of returning revellers, many of them raging drunk, has been painfully common. All these facts have inevitably led many dwellers in the cities to come to the conclusion that prohibition had broken down, that it caused greater evils than it cured, and that a wiser plan would be high license and strict regulation.

Residents in hamlets and the countryside, on the other hand, have had a different moral beaten in upon them. An occasional drunkard has staggered down the village street, or been discovered in a ditch by the road, but in general there has been, not only an entire absence of open temptation to drink, but a very high level of temperance in practice. People will tell you, with pride and with deep feeling: "Why, two generations of boys have grown up here without once seeing a saloon!" They cannot be blamed for thinking this an inestimable blessing.

Maine may find it difficult to make up her mind about prohibition, but she has no doubt as to direct primaries, the returns from the vote upon this question showing a large majority in favor of the direct-nominations bill. In this respect the State is thoroughly in line with those others that have been permitted to express an opinion upon the subject, and which have jumped at the chance of trying a weapon that the politicians have been so stupid as to fight to keep out of their hands. No longer ago than last January, Gov. Plaisted, in his inaugural address, advised limiting direct primaries to those offices in which the people feel the deepest interest and the candidates for which are likely to be well known to the mass of voters. "We are bound," he said, "to enact a direct primary law." But he thought it unwise to go farther than nominations for Governor and Representatives in Congress. The Legislature passed such a bill. There was a demand, however, for a more inclusive measure, and it is this that the voters approved on Monday, even the Governor having at last come out for it.

In a decision involving the right of the judge of the Police Court to sit in extradition cases, thus paralleling the case of John J. McNamara, now in jail at Los Angeles on a charge of dynamiting, Judge Remster of the Circuit Court held to-day that the Police Court has no jurisdiction in such cases.

Thus runs an Indianapolis dispatch. We call attention to it as a matter of justice; for if the McNamaras were illegally extradited, the country ought to know it. But the question is still to be answered whether any substantial injustice was done by taking J. J. Mc-

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Namara before this police judge or whether the injury is purely technical. It is hard to see why, in view of the statements of Mr. Burns, there was not more than enough evidence to warrant any judge, high or low, in handing McNamara over for trial. At the same time it must be pointed out in fairness to the labor people that this Indianapolis Circuit Court's decision will confirm them in their belief that wrong has been done to the McNamaras, whom they believe to have been illegally kidnapped by men who have since been indicted.

A grave danger confronts this republic. It is not the danger of anything fundamentally wrong with our government to-day. It is the danger of the socialistic horde sweeping in from the West, and threatening to overwhelm the rest of the nation. It must be stopped or the liberties and the freedom of this people will be blotted out and representative government, the best ever devised by human minds, will have ceased to exist.

This trumpet-call to duty by Senator Lorimer is a gratifying demonstration that not all of our public men are mere office-seekers. A few of them at least have the statesman's point of view. "The only thing, in my opinion, that threatens American freedom and American liberties," continues the Senator, "is the proposed changing of our system of government." He refers to the initiative and referendum and the recall, advocated, as he discriminatingly declares, by so-called "progressives" who are in reality simply Socialists. The Chicago *Daily News* recalls that when the infamous Yerkes street-car bills were defeated at Springfield, despite the heroic efforts of Mr. Lorimer and his friends, the disappointed traction magnate proceeded to deplore the triumph of Socialism. Political authorities in Illinois, both past and present, are evidently agreed, therefore, upon what constitutes the real peril of the republic. As a fitting climax to his appeal, the Senator should call upon all Senatorial investigating committees to drop their comparatively unimportant tasks in order to give their entire attention to the new Attila.

The incorporation last week, under the New Jersey laws, of a new steamship company to build and operate vessels through the Panama Canal between New York on the East coast and San Francisco on the West, is of particular interest, for two reasons. First, it insures the building of American ships adapted to the service, in time to engage in this transportation work when the canal is finished in 1913, and, next, the terms of the charter provide with the greatest care for an absolutely independent service. Nobody who is connected with any competitive rail or steamship enterprise, whether as a director, officer, or agent, is to be eligible as director in the new company. Even a stockholder is to be barred from voting on any question if the Postmaster-General serves notice that such stockholder represents a competing interest. The shareholders' voting power is so arranged that holders of large blocks of stock shall have less voice in proportion to their holdings than the small investor.

Additional provisions of the plan, chiefly prescribed by the United States Government, bar out absolutely both underwriting syndicates and stock watered to give a bonus to promoters. In return for these binding stipulations, the Government engages not to let its mail contracts to any steamship company not conforming to the same essential requirements—especially the absence of entanglement with competing railway enterprises. The reason for all this scrupulous provision may readily be found in the past history of the Panama route between our Eastern and Western coasts. Through ownership of such facilities, direct or indirect, and often through heavy cash subsidies to the Isthmus railway and the steamship line connecting with it, the transcontinental railways have for a very long time past been able to block the competitive possibilities of the ocean route.

Mr. Alvey A. Adee's completion of his twenty-fifth year of service as Assistant Secretary of State constitutes a remarkable record in our ever rapidly changing Federal Government. In the State Department Mr. Adee has furnished precisely the link between a new Administration and the past which is indispensable in a branch of the service where precedents count for so much. He himself has long personally proved the desirability in the United States of such permanent under-secretaries, removed from politics, as are to be found in every foreign country of importance. But it is in the diplomatic departments that such valuable officials as Mr. Adee seem to be most readily developed. The case of Herr von Holstein, who for many years was the real power in the German Foreign Office, but whose name was hardly known outside of that bureau, is an example of this. Of Sir Robert Herbert, who was from 1871 to 1892 under-secretary of the British Colonial Office, it was said that he really "controlled its destinies."

The outcome of the Mayoralty primary in Cincinnati should not be overlooked. Henry J. Hunt, the young prosecuting attorney who has served two terms in that office as an independent Democrat and did his utmost to bring Boss Cox to trial last winter, received the Democratic nomination without opposition, while the Republican nomination goes once more to Mayor Louis Schwab. From now on there will be a contest in that city worth watching. Mr. Hunt is no mean campaigner, as his reëlection to the prosecuting attorneyship shows. He represents, moreover, the best type of the young college man in politics and is a fit representative of the new and progressive Democracy. Behind him the forces of good government ought to rally vigorously.

A Cincinnati professor has been advising teachers of civics to read the newspapers. By studying his own community and comparing it with others, he holds, the pupil arrives at a correct understanding of the fundamental principles of community life. This looks like putting a pretty heavy burden of induction upon the pupil. Older heads than his might be puzzled to work out the fundamental principles of community life from the records of Cincinnati, Omaha, and Seattle which appear in the daily press. Rather, let the pupil learn his fundamentals from his civics text as developed by his instructor, and then turn to the newspapers for illustrations of them. This kind of perusal would tend to have an effect upon the press itself. Once set any large number of intelligent persons to searching for matters of significance in the columns of the newspapers, and it will be harder for sensational editors to justify their practice of "burying" such items in order to give prominence to the brutish or the trivial. Meanwhile, classes in civics may ponder over the problem of community life that is presented by its distorting mirrors.

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To what extent are our sentiments regarding death, love, and other elemental facts a matter of good taste and easy command of language? A young wife has been shot down by the side of her husband under circumstances that cast grave suspicion on the latter. How does the unfortunate young man bear up under the double burden of the great calamity and the horrible suspicion? On the morning after the murder the bereaved husband is discovered sitting on the porch of the house within which the body of his wife still rests. He is drinking beer, and he expresses regret at the tragedy in very much the same manner he might deplore losing his hat through a car window. Is it moral depravity? It may have been in this particular case, but the news of every day brings instances of men neither criminal nor abnormal, but only uneducated, who speak of death neither with emotion nor with complete indifference which in itself would be a form of emotion, but with an utter inadequacy of expression that is almost ludicrous. Does this mean that speech is everything, and that without a ready command of the words in which literature has enshrined the tremendous facts of life these facts have little of the sacred honor or sacred joy that commonly surround them?

Mr. Balfour's recent utterance upon the necessity of the party system finds an echo in the Far East. As the Shanghai *Mercury* puts it, one does not apologize for eating one's dinner, nor even for breathing, unless one happens to be very badly affected by a cold. But it is impressed with the ex-Premier's statement of the waste of political energy caused by party politics, his calculation being that about 80 per cent. of the brains, character, and health employed goes for naught. It makes a suggestion, therefore, for saving a large part of this activity. All that is needed is the formation of a Central party of moderates, lying between the irreconcilable Tories and the equally irreconcilable Socialists. Of the 670 members of the House of Commons, 500, it believes, would naturally belong to this new party, which would debate and vote with far less time, talk, temper, and money than are required now. The shortest reply to this proposal is that, while the great bulk of the Commons may be called moderate, no Prime Minister could hold it together for a single session. One may be moderate and still have opinions at sharp variance with another moderate. The ground that lies between extremes is wider than a garden-patch. It has taken all of Mr. Balfour's metaphysics to keep one party together, even with Joseph Chamberlain out of the arena, while Mr. Asquith has not had too easy a time keeping the other united.

It is interesting to take a glance at the figures for foreign commerce in the French colonies with a view to determining how far French rule militates against the traders of other countries. The term "Tunisification" has come to mean the transformation of a dependency into a closed commercial preserve. It is the Tunisification of Morocco that Germany protests against. The figures, however, show that twenty years ago Tunis bought 60 per cent. of her imports from France and sent 78 per cent. of her exports to France and her colonies. In 1898 the respective ratios were 66 2-3 per cent. and 76 per cent. In 1906 they were 67 per cent. and 57 per cent. In 1907 they were 67 per cent. and 54 per cent. Thus, during twenty years of French rule, Tunis has brought France an increase of 7 per cent. in imports and balanced it with a decrease of 24 per cent. in exports. Evidently, the foreigner has not suffered severely, and as a matter of fact British and Italian trade has been growing with remarkable rapidity. Taking all the French colonies with the exception of Algeria and Tunis, it appears that, twenty years ago, France had about 40 per cent. of the colonial trade, fifteen years ago she had about 45 per cent., five years ago she had 43 per cent., and in 1908 she had 45 per cent. Here again there is no evidence of a rapid tendency to undermine the trade of other nations.

Just how embarrassing is the Kaiser's speech foreshadowing additional naval construction appears from an examination of the German press. The Socialist organs alone are jubilant; it is for them a splendid campaign issue, this statement by the Kaiser that new fiscal burdens and more grinding taxes are to be placed upon the poor. Without doubt, this speech helped to bring out the 200,000 workers who paraded the other day to protest against a possible war with France over Morocco. The *Vorwärts* makes for the Socialists a severe attack on the Crown and points out that it is impossible to expect peaceful tendencies to develop in England so long as such a programme is threatened in Germany. As for the cry of more taxes, why nothing could help the Socialists as much, and a programme of more ships will but widen the cleft between the Liberals and Radicals and the Conservatives. Moreover, it will be recalled that when the British Prime Minister approached Germany with a view to the discussion of the question of limiting armaments the Chancellor replied that, much as his Government desired such limitation, it was unable to do so, owing to the Navy Law regulating the building of the fleet for some years to come. But if that law is to be amended so as to provide more ships, the question of a *rapprochement* between the two nations is again indefinitely postponed. It is no wonder that the Berlin *Tageblatt* thinks that "it is scarcely to the public interest to give an extended meaning to the Kaiser's words," and that the bulk of the non-Socialistic press remains silent.

Educational problems are getting unusual attention in China. The Ministry of Education is proposing to introduce a system of compulsory education for elementary studies. The details are apparently not well worked out, but, in the opinion of the *North China Herald*, criticism for the moment may confine itself to one vital principle, namely, that where education is made compulsory, the state must be prepared to pay for its poorest citizens. It is led to this reflection by Rule 6 of the tentative plan, which exempts those who are too poor to pay for the elementary course. The *Herald* admits that possibly, since the abolition of the old form of competitive examination in the Chinese classics as the one road to official promotion, the keen interest of Chinese parents in the education of their children has become somewhat deadened. It holds, nevertheless, that in China the problem is not so much the making of education compulsory as the bringing of it within the general reach. It may be a far cry to free public schools in China, but there is evidence that the initial step—the step that costs—is not remote.

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THE SERIOUS CANADIAN OPPOSITION.

In the course of the political campaign now going on in Canada, an immense deal of clap-trap has been talked. This was inevitable. Canadian politicians are not so different from our own that they do not know how to run off on side issues, appeal to prejudice, and seek by every cunning device to make the worse appear the better reason. So we have had the cries in Ottawa and Toronto and Vancouver about threatened annexation to the United States and about the American Trusts financing the anti-reciprocity campaign; have seen Canadians lash themselves into excitement about their proposed navy, though what that has to do with reciprocity it would puzzle seven men who can render a reason to say, and have heard bewildering discourses about "loyalty" and about the peril to the British Empire which would result from Canadians and Americans buying and selling more freely. Of such is the kingdom of politics, one side of the Canadian border or the other.

This is not to say, however, that the campaign has not produced some thoughtful and worthy debating. The weight of argument, as we believe, has been on the side of the Government in its efforts to bring about closer trade relations with the United States, but the Opposition has not been without speakers who have had something to say deserving the attention of sensible men. In the speeches of Mr. Clifford Sifton, in particular, there have often been a gravity and a force that command respect even if they do not compel agreement. This ex-Liberal who has had so much to do with the development of the Canadian West, and who has now cast in his political fortunes with the Conservatives, disclaims all idea of hostility to the United States. In opposing the reciprocity pact he does not accuse this country of sinister intentions. Dismissing, in fact, the common anti-American "bogeys" of the campaign, he bases his position upon considerations of national welfare. This he thinks that the Canadians can best procure while completely detached from us. A good indication of his line of reasoning is given by the following extract from a recent speech of his:

> We regard the United States as a great nation confronted by serious problems of unemployment, of exhausted resources, and monopolistic control of commerce. We wish our great neighbors well in the solution of these difficult questions, but do not desire to mingle their problems with ours. We object to this treaty because it binds the provinces of Canada in firm bonds of social and commercial union with the United States.

This is obviously something more than the average humbug of the hustings. In it there is food for thought, not only for Canadians but for Americans. Our Northern neighbors will in due time pass judgment upon this reasoning from the point of view of national economy and wise public policy for the distant future. We hope that they will detect the element of exaggeration in it, and refuse to believe that the freeing of commerce between two nations necessarily means the absorption of one by the other. If trade with the United States means the doom of Canada, then she is already doomed, for that trade is great and growing, despite tariff barriers. But it is chiefly to Americans that the sober language of Mr. Sifton should give pause. How much truth is there in what he says? Is it true that our situation as a country is now such as to make patriotic Canadians honestly shrink from putting themselves into nearer contact with us? This is, for the United States, the serious side of Canadian opposition to reciprocity.

It will have to be confessed that Mr. Sifton could justify some of his statements by citing our own public men. That we have squandered our natural resources until some of them are at the vanishing point, has been a commonplace with us for years past. Particularly in the matter of our forests can the charge of Mr. Sifton be maintained, and the fact shown to have a direct connection with our efforts to establish reciprocity with Canada. There has been no concealment of the desire to extend our purchasing radius for wood-pulp and printing paper. And something of the same sort may be said in regard to our exhausted soil, in certain sections of the country. As for our having fallen into the grip of monopoly, and having labor and industrial problems of the most difficult kind, we are in no position to make denial. Have not all these things been shouted from every stump and printed in every magazine?

It is not a very flattering picture of us which Mr. Sifton presents. By way of protest, we could, if so minded, insist that Canada is not ignorant of evils of the same kind as those we suffer from. It is the better part, however, to admit the element of truth in what Mr. Sifton alleges. The proper reply to him would confess our national sins, but point to the signs of repentance and amendment. If we have been prodigal, we are resolved now to be prudent. We are striving to break monopoly and to deal wisely with the discontents and the dangers of labor. And in any event, we should have to tackle our own problems. Canada could not help us more than we could help her. Nor need she fear any such assimilation as would draw her away from her own national housekeeping into ours.

THE BARBARIAN.

If a Zulu were asked to agree to settle in court his quarrels with a neighboring chief, his disdainful clicks and snorts would be promptly heard. "What, give up the chance to sneak up by night and burn his kraal and steal his cattle and kill his women and children? Not so long as I can hurl a spear or brandish a club!" And it is equally natural for a nominally civilized man in whom the barbarian instincts are dominant to indulge in savage antics when it is proposed that nations shall abolish that form of murder called war, by entering into treaties for the quieting of all disputes by arbitration. The greater the applause evoked by such an effort to establish universal peace, the more violently will the barbarian rage against it. He will fall before his war-gods, like an Ashantee grovelling at the feet of Unkulunkulu or an Aztec in the dust before Huitzilopochtli, and call upon them to save us from the awful calamity of having no more skulls to crack.

If this particular barbarian happened to be a man who knew nothing about the law, he would attack the work of the ablest lawyers in this country and in Great Britain as betraying "hopeless confusion." They, to be sure, had carefully studied their problem, had chosen precise legal terms in which to express their meaning, had explained and defended their aim and the exact effect of their proposals, and in so doing had commanded the assent and approval of our leading jurists, as of the humane and Christian people, not only of this country but of the whole world. That, however, would only inflame the barbarian the more. He would cry out that

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these men of light and leading were nothing but sentimentalists and hypocrites. He would delight in setting up his opinion against that of our best, and would let the world know that, like Moloch, his voice is still for war.

If this particular barbarian happened to be a man who could not endure the popularity of a President, he would set himself to doing all that he could to undermine it. Having noted the acclaim with which the whole civilized world had hailed the forward movement of that President along the path toward universal peace, he would seize the occasion of an adverse Senate report to fling himself into the fight against the arbitration treaties, and so endeavor to cloud the President's best title to present gratitude and to future fame. He would eagerly ally himself with the basest elements arrayed against the President. All the inveterate enemies of England, the Clan-na-Gael, the physical-force conspirators, the schemers who for their own selfish purposes would keep alive old animosities and continue to make of industrial democracies armed camps—with all these the barbarian would gladly join himself. Not for him self-restraint, or the courtesy due a friend and the official head of his own party. No; the war-drum and the snake-dance would set his blood tingling, and he would rush out to help bring the noblest work of the President to the ground.

If this particular barbarian happened to be a man with pretensions to literature, he would assiduously shape his conduct according to the directions of the great master of perfidy in statecraft. Machiavelli's Eighteenth Chapter would be his guide. The Italian instructed the public man that nothing was more important than to have always in his mouth words about truth and good faith and religion, while ever ready to violate a pledge or to disregard the most solemn obligation. Accordingly, the barbarian would have much to say about "righteousness," but would betray his real nature and intent by declaring that "this country would not keep an agreement to arbitrate all questions of vital honor and interest, even though it were so unwise as to make it." And the precedent of the tearing up of our treaty with Colombia and our theft of Panama would be tacitly in the mind of the barbarian as in that of all of the rest of us.

If this particular barbarian happened to be a man who for six years had been drunk with power, and who could not bear retirement, he would let no opportunity slip to grasp at the old notoriety and the grateful clamor. If a chance offered to stir up a row, he would seize it; if the worst passions among his countrymen seemed to be dormant, he would seek to rouse them; if leadership in the cause of secure and permanent peace seemed to be developing strength, he would dash in to shatter it if he could. Anything to make trouble, to excite ill-will, to widen breaches, to embitter factions, to create a sensation. But just because he was a barbarian, he would not know how hopelessly out of touch with his time he had become; would not realize the mingling of contempt and disgust which his leaping forth as the plotter against the President and as the champion of war would cause throughout the country; would not understand that the American people are no longer minded to dance when he pipes to them. And so of this barbarian, as of the shorn Samson who said that he would go out as at other times and shake himself, it has to be recorded that he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.

THE COLLEGE AND THE MAKING OF MEN.

The alumni of Washington and Lee University are naturally gratified by the remarkable number of its graduates who are now occupying prominent positions in politics, on the bench, and in the various fields of social activity. A new Justice of the Supreme Court, Joseph R. Lamar, is a graduate of the law school's class of 1878, in which were also ex-Gov. Stephens of Missouri, ex-Gov. MacCorkle of West Virginia, the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Alabama, the general counsel of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, and the director of the Russell Sage Foundation. In the Senate of the United States are five graduates of this university—Foster of Louisiana, Chamberlain of Oregon, Owen of Oklahoma, Bryan of Florida, and Poindexter of Washington. Six graduates speak for five States in the House of Representatives, including such useful Congressmen as Slayden of Texas and Hay of Virginia. It is claimed for Washington and Lee that its law school, "though never large in comparison with such schools as Harvard, Columbia, Yale, and others," has none the less more "alumni upon the supreme courts in a larger number of States than any other law school in the country." The Chief Justice of the Court of Claims in Washington was graduated in 1868, and still other prominent graduates are Thomas Nelson Page, Clifton R. Breckenridge, lately Ambassador to Russia; Wade H. Ellis, Dr. James H. Dillard, the head of the Jeanes Fund, and Julius Kruttschnitt, now prominent as the executive of the Harriman railways.

Altogether, this is an extraordinary showing, and one which has set people to wondering just why Washington and Lee should have produced so many notable men, particularly during a period when it was sharing the reconstruction miseries and the poverty of the South. The advocates of the small college will, of course, find in it a complete justification of their contention that the smaller the institution, and the closer the contact between professors and students, the more the graduate gains from the teachings and personal impress of his instructors. The St. Louis *Republic* has a theory of its own about this particular case of Washington and Lee. It is this:

> The kind of education that makes great men is not merely cultural, technical, or what not; it is a training that unlocks the possibilities of personality. In Washington and Lee to-day the life of the teachers is static rather than dynamic; they were and are men of small incomes, simple habits, and well-furnished minds, secure of their positions, honored in their communities, and satisfied with the scholar's kingdom. Is there not more, perhaps, in contact with men at peace with themselves and the world than in membership in a great university where the instructor desires to become an assistant professor, the assistant professor an adjunct professor, the adjunct professor to head a department, and the president to secure five millions more of endowment than did his predecessor?

Now, we should be the last to deny the spiritual influence of the man at peace with himself and the world and free from restless ambition—of him whose thoughts are ever centred upon things eternal rather than temporal. With much of the *Republic's* contention we are wholly in sympathy. That the advocate of the small college is, moreover, correct in asserting that there is in it a greater opportunity for moulding the students, for guiding their thoughts, and particularly for inspiring them with high ideals of public service, we have often contended. But it is quite possible to go too far in this direction. If

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the record of Washington and Lee is exceptional, it is surely due to exceptional conditions, as well as to the self-abnegation of a faculty whose fruits prove them to have been remarkable teachers. In the first place, it would be hard to find another small college with such a tradition and setting. When Gen. Lee, after Appomattox, rode his famous Traveller over the mountains to Lexington and became president of Washington College, it was to a town already distinguished as the home of "Stonewall" Jackson and the site of the Virginia Military Institute. Many distinguished soldiers and citizens had lived there or near-by, and the college itself had grown out of a benefaction of George Washington.

After the idol of the Confederacy, there came to Lexington the colonels and captains of his defeated legions, men of unusual character, fortified by years of warfare and suffering, who sought to complete their interrupted education. To them succeeded, after Gen. Lee's death, youths also of unusual character, for it required sacrifice, courage, and ambition to obtain a college education in the South in the late sixties and the seventies. They found at Lexington an unusual spirit and inspiring associations, as well as teachers to admire and profit by. Hence it is not altogether unnatural that the graduates of this period speedily became leaders in their communities. The really educated men were rare, and these had also acquired the pioneering spirit in the Virginia hills and found their way readily to Oregon, to Oklahoma, to New York, to New Orleans, all over the new South. Thus, while we would not rob the faculty of Washington and Lee of a tittle of its just due, it is only fair to say that conditions as well as the teachers were responsible for the record of public service to which we are glad to call attention.

It is idle to deny, too, that more and more in the larger universities the teacher is lost in administrative work and can give but less and less of himself to the thronging students. Ex-President Eliot found it necessary to devote himself to the working out of great educational and administrative problems and had but little time, and perhaps inclination, left for direct personal contact with the students. Yet in Harvard, crowded as it has been, there are and have been rare personalities, like Agassiz, Norton, Lane, Child, and Shaler—to mention but a few—who did their wonderful work of inspiration, even though 400 men listened where but forty would have heard at Washington and Lee. Nothing was more distant from their minds than the thought of their titles, their power within the walls of the faculty-room, or their pay. They were great teachers, born for their places, and the men under them were quickened for a lifetime by their spirit and their thought. In Texas again it is the large university of that name which sweeps everything else before it in the public and social life of the State. So that it is not the size of the college that counts alone, nor its distance from the marts of the world. It can only be said that for him who has a distaste for administrative problems and would find his life's happiness in setting firmly the stamp of his personality upon the students before him, the small rural college does to-day offer the best opportunities.

THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY.

Short-story writing, says Mr. H. G. Wells in the introduction to his new volume, "The Country of the Blind," is a young man's game. It is the "jolly art of making something very bright and moving." It may be "horrible or pathetic or funny or beautiful or profoundly illuminating," but it must move quickly or it will never get done in time. An eminent authority thereby subscribes to an opinion that is commonly accepted but is by no means absolutely true. We fall into error by reasoning from abstract principles. Writers on the theory of the short story have taken it for granted that, because a short story is short, its technique must bear the same relation to that of the novel as the technique of the 100-yard dash bears to the Marathon race. The theorists find that the short story is in essence a single incident, an anecdote; and to a certain extent that may be true enough. It is certainly more true of the short story as it is written on the Continent and even in England than it is among us. But taking the anecdote for granted, why does it follow that the manner of its telling must be a "sprint"? The art of telling a good story consists precisely in the elaboration of detail. It is no paradox to say that if we compare the novel and the short story with regard to the ground covered in either—plot, number of characters, breadth of canvas, and duration of time—the pace of the big book will be found to be proportionately swifter than that of the short story.

The secret of successful short-story writing in this country was formulated by the editor of an "all-fiction" magazine, who tells his contributors, "Pick out your subject and write all around it." That was not Maupassant's method, but it is open to question whether Maupassant, if he were writing to-day, would find an easy entrance into the American magazines. The Frenchman's stories moved rapidly, but it was with a swiftness that carried him by the shortest route from the beginning of his story to the end. Our own short stories move rapidly, but it is a form of speed that is confined within the limits of each paragraph. Every sentence must have "go" to it and stimulate the desire for the next sentence as an object in itself, and only secondarily because it brings us nearer to the end of the anecdote. In brief, our short-story writers concentrate, as a rule, on the manner rather than on the substance of the narrative. They elaborate, they embroider, they are not particularly anxious to keep their surprise to the end, as the tradition of the anecdote and the short story requires. Their specialty is rather in creating sustained interest than in creating suspense. They make the walk pleasant by pointing out one curious object after another on the road rather than by hurrying you on to a big treat at the end.

The magazine editors believe they know what they want in the line of short fiction. Their pathetic cry for movement and plot must be familiar to tens of thousands among the army of the rejected. But if movement and plot are what editors insist upon, their most successful stories indicate that they do not get what they want. Movement we have discussed. Take plot, now. To what extent does plot enter into the stories of the late Myra Kelly? To what extent does it enter into the graceful fiction of Mr. Gouverneur Morris? Of what importance is it in the brilliant Western stories of Mr. George Pattullo? Of what importance is it in the eminently successful stories of Mr. Montague Glass? The late O. Henry and Mr. Jack London stand closer to the European

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tradition than most of our popular short-story writers. But even in these two men the plot is often subordinate to the manner. They do not disdain the snap of surprise or emotion at the end, but they give infinite attention to the entertainment of the reader on his way from the very beginning to the end. Thus instead of plot or real movement we have action, which is not at all the same thing as movement. For the latter means progress toward the point of the story, whereas action means agitation in any direction, provided only there is "something doing" in each paragraph.

From the beginning: that is the secret of short-story writing to-day. You must start at the crack of the pistol, not necessarily to tell your story, but to seize the reader's attention. You may do so with a laugh, or an epigram, or a flaring bit of headline matter, but the trick must be done at once. It is the secret of the "lead" which has been imported from the newspapers into the magazines, a secret of which Maupassant knew nothing and of which the foreign writers to-day know very little. Maupassant usually begins his stories by stating that two men or three men or any number of men are sitting about and talking in a Parisian drawing-room, or are pheasant-shooting in Normandy, when one of the company points to a man or woman that happens to pass by and says, "There is a very tragic story connected with that person." The others then ask him to tell the story, and he does so. It is a method which strikes most of us as stale, and in editorial offices is taken as the hall mark of the hopeless amateur. Contrast it with the "lead" as O. Henry developed it—those wild, antic, irresponsible, irrelevant beginnings that had little or nothing to do with the matter of the story and were frankly intended just to put the reader into good humor. Contrast Maupassant's beginnings with Mr. Morris's sparkling progress through a string of opening paragraphs that only gradually, gradually creep up to their subject. The theorists who preach the straightforward method of beginning a short story are guides to failure.

There is between the classic forms of the short story and the successful forms of to-day the same difference that exists between the humor of a classic like Mark Twain and the popular humor of to-day. Mark Twain got his effects by pages or paragraphs; to-day we must get our effects by lines. Mark Twain, that is, was content to move forward on a normal level of fluent talk, with here and there the suggestion of a humorous overtone, to his climax of loud laughter. Then comes subsidence and an easy approach, full of joyful anticipation, to the next outburst. Our humor of to-day must have its laugh or its attempt at laughter in every sentence. A true humorist like Mr. Dooley almost succeeds in doing so, though at the cost of a vast exhaustion and comparatively limited productivity. The would-be humorist takes recourse to that violence and contortion of language which passes as slang. Slang is now the great staple of humor because slang has a "kick" in every word. There is the parallel. A "kick" in every sentence is what the successful short story of to-day demands, no matter if it takes an hour of kicking to get to a point that might be attained in a half-hour of quiet going.

A SCOTTISH UNIVERSITY: ITS FIFTH CENTENARY.

SYDNEY, Australia, August 7.

At the head of one of the many bays that break the contour of the iron-bound coast of Fifeshire a rudimentary harbor has for ages afforded shelter to a small fleet of fishing-boats. A fishing village sprang up, and proved the mother of the most famous ecclesiastico-university town in Scotland. With an eye to the possibilities of the situation, the monks found it out, and there the ancient Culdees planted a brotherhood, to which a more orthodox order of Augustinian canons succeeded. On that foundation was reared a bishopric, and out of it, as it expanded, grew many things—a world of ecclesiastical relations, a centre of political intrigues, and finally the starting-point of a great reformation. There the proto-martyr of Scottish Protestantism was given to the flames, and there the last representative of traditionalism was done to death in his own castle. There the chief author of the new régime thundered and "dung the Bible into blads," and within a few miles of it the venerable figurehead of a bastard system, midway between the old and the new, was cruelly assassinated. The very stones of the ancient place were drunk with blood, and every rod of ground is saturated with history. That tall tower was built by a fabulous saint, many centuries ago; here are the remnants of the longest cathedral in Europe; and there is Cardinal Beaton's castle, with the dungeon where the Giant Despair of the old religion immured his victims. Does not the cheek whiten and the heart beat faster as we contemplate the spots where memorable things happened that influenced all future time, where men acted greatly in a right cause or a wrong, where heroes lived and martyrs died? We do not wonder that the historical imagination of Dean Stanley was fired to see in the old stones reminders of both Canterbury and Oxford. Others may feel that St. Andrews is the old-world Salem, the Calvinist Wittenberg, the Scottish Geneva.

The tumult has long since died away, and now picturesque red-gowned figures walk the peaceful streets. The traditions of learning and teaching that preceded its memories of strife have survived them. By far the most ancient of Scottish universities, St. Andrews can produce such a beadroll of teachers and scholars as few seats of learning can boast. From John Major, George Buchanan, and Andrew Melville to John Hunter, and Thomas Chalmers, Brewster and Forbes, Ferrier and Tulloch, it has enjoyed the instruction of professors and principals unsurpassed in Scotland. Its students have been no less distinguished. Two famous marquises—he of Argyle and that other of Montrose—adorned it, and they have been followed by lords-chancellor, lords-justice-general and lords of session, poets like Ferguson and mathematicians like Napier (of the logarithms), while ecclesiastical leaders like Robert Wallace, divines like Lindsay Alexander, philosophical controversialists like Patrick Proctor Alexander, metaphysicians like William Wallace (of Oxford), and men of letters like Andrew Lang, have in recent times worthily maintained the credit of the university.

The celebration of the fifth-centenary of the venerable institution may justify some reminiscences of its teaching staff, as I knew it in a past generation.

The leading professor in the curriculum of arts, John Campbell Shairp, was a deeply Anglicized Scot, who had undergone the influence of Newman at Oxford, and has painted the most vivid portrait of the future heresiarch—on the streets, in St. Mary's, and in privacy—that has ever been drawn. He was next assistant master at Rugby under Archbishop Tait, and there he bred the eminent materialist metaphysician, Shadworth Hodgson, who confesses that he derived more from the contagious enthusiasm of Shairp than from his scholarship. It was the same at St. Andrews, where he was professor of Humanity, as the Scots call Latin. He was still the enthusiast, and though "humanity" was not neglected, the humanities were assiduously cultivated. He was ever citing Plato, with his doctrine of *mnêsis* and *anamnêsis*, or spouting Wordsworth (especially the sublime "Ode on Intimations of Immortality"), with a gusto

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that indelibly branded both on the memories of his students. He was already known as a poet, and his "Kilmahoe: a Highland Pastoral" was on one occasion read by Archbishop Tait to a party of stranded tourists on the shores of a Highland loch. The professor, however, was greater in criticism than in verse, and his essay on Wordsworth in the *North British Review* was a revelation. Never before, or never since Ruskin glorified Turner, had a great master been so adoringly and yet so illuminatively expounded. It was the high-water mark of impassioned criticism in our time, and it deserved the eulogy of Matthew Arnold, who said that it ought to be printed at the head of every edition of Wordsworth's works. Shairp succeeded F. T. Palgrave as professor of poetry at Oxford, and his "Aspects of Poetry," delivered there, was one of the saintly Henry Drummond's canonical books. He will be most celebrated for his friendships, which he carried through life. In youth, at Glasgow College, the large-hearted Norman Macleod was his bosom friend, and to the last the good Norman wrote to him as "Dear John." At Oxford Dean Stanley and Archbishop Tait, A. H. Clough, and Matthew Arnold were among his intimates. Well might Professor Knight compose his biography with the title, "Principal Shairp and his Friends."

Shairp's colleague in classics was Lewis Campbell, who was reckoned to be one of the first Grecians of his time. He had edited three of Plato's dialogues in a manner worthy of a German scholar; he was to coöperate with Jowett in editing the "Republic"; and he issued a scholarly edition of the plays of Sophocles. We might have perceived it in the classroom, but we were then young and not very wise, and it was not till he published his translations of Sophocles and Æschylus that we realized that we had had a poet for our prælector in Greek. He, too, was an enthusiast, but while Shairp disported on the streets of St. Andrews (like Blackie on the streets of Edinburgh) in Highland plaid and shepherd's crook, Campbell had his translations of the "Trachinian Maidens" of Sophocles and the "Choephoroe" of Æschylus performed in Scotland; and, only a few days before she received the tidings of the professor's death two years ago, an accomplished lady-principal in Sydney, a daughter of the celebrated Grecian, Dr. Badham, and therefore Campbell's cousin, trained her pupils to reproduce, with acknowledged success, the Sophoclean "Trachiniæ." He was the joint-biographer of his old fellow-student, Clerk Maxwell, and of his master, Benjamin Jowett. His later years were given to larger studies in Greek tragedy and religion. Tall, but shortened by the student's stoop, with a high but receding forehead and delicate features, he diffused around him an atmosphere of refinement in which everything coarse died in the act of being born. Perhaps he lacked masculine robustness, but many of his old students will remember his genuine solicitude alike for their intellectual progress and their material interests.

In those days, though he had been dead for more than a decade, Sir W. Hamilton filled the chairs of philosophy in Scotland with his pupils. Three of them—William Spalding, John Veitch (Hamilton's biographer), and Thomas Spencer Baynes—successively occupied the chair of logic and metaphysics at St. Andrews. Veitch had a rugged and craglike exterior, but a kind heart, and was the soul of integrity. Another Wordsworthian, he was a dreamer and something of a poet, and he had made extensive researches in the early history of Scottish philosophy, which were destined never to mature, save in an article in *Mind*. Baynes had been Hamilton's class-assistant, and had expounded the "New Analytic of Logical Forms," which the indolence of the master had hindered him from elaborating. In a sparkling controversy with Augustus De Morgan, carried on in the *Athenæum* through weeks, he vindicated the claims of Hamilton to originality with a stringency of reasoning and a literary brilliancy that matched—they could do no more than match—like qualities in the versatile mathematician. An Edinburgh reviewer and a Saturday reviewer, Baynes edited a great part of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," but left no philosophical work to perpetuate his name. The Hamiltonian school has been almost sterile.

The most brilliant of St. Andrews professors a generation ago was James Frederick Ferrier. A nephew of Miss Ferrier, the novelist, he was the most literary of modern philosophers. He soon won his spurs by fascinating essays on Consciousness and on Berkeley, about which Emerson inquired of Carlyle. He published a treatise on metaphysics, scintillating with wit and humor, yet reasoned with Spinozistic rigor. Just once did the present writer hear him lecture, but the occasion was unforgettable. To listen to him was an enchantment. The illuminated face, as of one who had had a vision of absolute truth, the musical voice, spiced by the "Northumbrian burrh," the flashes of wit, the novelty of the ideas, the subtlety of the reasoning, the soaring thought, carried his class through the history of speculation as over a summer sea.

Some high figures these reminiscences have left untouched. Principal James David Forbes, who claimed to have discovered the polarization of heat and fought fiercely with Tyndall over his alleged discovery of the viscosity of ice; Principal Tulloch, leader of the Broad Church in the Kirk, who was delighted to find that scholars in Cambridge (Mass.) knew more about his "Cambridge Platonists" than did English Cantabridgians; Prof. Robert Flint, from whom we heard the first exposition of Spencer's Classification of the Sciences—a course of lectures published only forty years afterwards—these and others still would well deserve the brief delineation here necessarily denied them.

J. C.

Correspondence

BUSINESS MEN AND SCHOLARS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: All scholars, from the humblest to the most distinguished, are cognizant of the fact that the foundation stone upon which civilization is based, the axis upon which the world turns, is business. Religion, education, art, the drama, all sorts of thought are subject to the laws of, and feel the inspiration of, business. Business men frequently tell scholars what they think of them, and sometimes favor them with their advice, very often with their money. The scholar then becomes the employee, but of this relation it is not my purpose to speak. Of the business man's contribution to education, in the way of advice how to do it, the *fine fleur* is the famous report of Mr. Morris Llewellyn Cooke to Dr. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation. Dr. Pritchett, being a practical man, in the employ of a practical man, Mr. Carnegie, employed another practical man, Mr. Cooke, to see what the business man could tell the scholar that would make him more efficient. This report, which goes into most minute details, from the covering of apparatus with a neat muslin cover to the making two men breathe the air in rooms that only one had breathed before, from the question of high-class inbreeding to the estimation of research as a business proposition, has been treated in your columns, and I will not stop to comment upon it. But, according to the proverb, turn about is fair play, and I think it only fair that the business man should occasionally get a word of advice from the scholar. It may do him no more good than his does us, but still it is only fair.

Frankly, then, I am tired of scientific management, so-called. I have heard of it from scientific managers, from university presidents, from casual acquaintances in railway trains; I have read of it in the daily papers, the weekly papers, the ten-cent magazines, the fifteen-cent magazines, the thirty-five-cent magazines, and in the *Outlook*. Only have I missed its treatment by Theodore Roosevelt; but that is probably because I cannot keep up with his writings. For fifteen years I have been a subscriber to a magazine dealing with engineering matters, feeling it incumbent on me to keep in touch with the applications of physics to the convenience of life, but the touch has become a pressure, the pressure a crushing strain, until the mass of articles on shop practice and scientific management threatened to crush all thoughts out of my brain, and I stopped my subscription. From now on, I shall have

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to get my applied science through those charmingly imaginative reports that the daily papers give us. (They are written by the same person who, we are told in the "Bab Ballads," writes the mottoes in the little paper crackers.) I have read Mr. Taylor's book, and found the tale of bricks, as told by him, ineffably tedious. When I was a boy and belonged to a military company, I learned that from the carry to present arms was in "one time and two motions"; but I refuse to believe that bricks are laid in one time and eighteen motions. In fact, Mr. Taylor's quantitative statements remind me of Babbage's famous emendation of the lines:

Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

Calling attention to the fact that if this were true the population of the world would be stationary, Babbage proposed in the interest of accuracy:

Every moment dies a man
And one and a-sixteenth is born.

Thus the story of the old Dutchman carrying pig-iron, and subject to the commands, "Now walk—now rest," while it may make the unskilful laugh, is more likely to make the judicious grieve. Its conclusion, so familiar to the student of physiology, reminds one of Dr. Holmes's apostrophe to the katydid:

Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Would that Mr. Taylor had kept to high-speed steels, and had let low-speed men alone.

But to come to the business man and his product. For upwards of a hundred years this country has produced little besides business men; so that we may expect to see him here in his supreme development. Of course, if he knows anything, he knows how to do business. Of course, he has elaborated a philosophy of business, and systems upon which he may forever smoothly work. But let us see. The most prominent items in the papers to-day have to do with the cracking of business systems built up by such intellectual giants as John D. Rockefeller. The Trusts are being investigated. The banks are being investigated. The railways are being investigated. (The universities are not being investigated, but they ought to be.) Wherever you see business men gathered, the conversation is all of one thing: "What next?" "Lord, is it I?" It is not so much that they are expecting to be caught in wrongdoing, as that they seem to be trying to find out whether they have been doing wrong. Business is such a businesslike thing! The National City Company is a great business organization. Is it lawful or unlawful? Business men must know. To-day comes George W. Perkins, an extremely capable business man, bitterly assailing Congress for its policies destructive to business, and making a number of sensible propositions which it would seem practical men should have made long ago. And yet Congress is composed of practical men, supposedly. The Vice-President of the United States, like thousands of other business men, is snivelling over present tendencies with regard to the tariff, although the tariff has for half a century been "framed up," as they call it, by these same business men, who have not, for all that, been able to devise a philosophical, that is, practical, scheme by which tariff policy can be made stable by being removed from politics.

I realize that it will be replied that the problems of business are greater than any others that confront us, more than those of science or philosophy. This I do not for a moment believe. If so, we shall find all countries similarly convulsed with business earthquakes, but I fail to see that this is the case. To be sure, great social movements are going on, of which our business troubles are a small but interesting symptom. These are attacked in a serious and thoughtful way in many countries, but I believe that we are somewhat backward. I believe it is not too much to say that the business man has not yet come to the realization that man does not live unto himself alone; but he is coming to it. Shall scholars then continue to look with equanimity upon the management of our universities by business men, under the application of business criteria of efficiency? Heaven forbid! I propose rather that business be put under the advisement of scholars who, uninfluenced by the desire to get the better of somebody else, are influenced by the desire to get at the truth, and to answer Pilate's question.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Worcester, Mass., August 13.

A TEST-CASE FOR UNIVERSAL ARBITRATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The present situation in Morocco furnishes an excellent example of one of those basic facts of history which the advocates of disarmament and of universal peace entirely ignore. And naturally, for it is the one unanswerable fact which vitiates most of their logic and which disproves their fundamental assumptions. The Hague Tribunal may very well settle all cases where *both* nations have an arguable position, and where the only matter involved is the case itself. Such cases have rarely caused wars and have usually been decided even since the earliest times by discussion. Men have not ordinarily fought until they have become convinced that their desires or rights could not be attained in any other way. But the presence of the German fleet at Agadir is so direct a violation of the Algeciras conference that Germany would have no defence which even the fluid forms of international law could recognize. She is in the position of the bully who covets the other boy's apple, and who knocks him down, and then demands the apple as the price of letting him up. The wrong is all on one side. What possible object would there be, moreover, in submitting this matter of pure aggression to arbitration, when every diplomat in all Europe knows that the settlement of affairs in Morocco and the Congo for all time would not decide the real question at issue? We are dealing here with the one thing which the peace advocates ignore, that most great wars in history have been the product of aggression, not of actual wrong. The issue is not ownership, or trade rights, or fishing within one, three, or five miles from shore, but the relative position of great nations, their supremacy one over the other, their possession of certain bits of land, which they desire because these are aids to further aggression or simply to regain what their country once held. The throwing from the windows at the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, Jenkins's Ear, the march of the British on Concord were only the subterfuges put forward by great forces which had been long in contention. The supremacy of Protestantism in Germany, the English monopoly of the West India trade, the independence of the colonies were the real issues at stake and could no more have been decided by arbitration than the relative influence of Germany, France, and England in the affairs of the present world can be settled at The Hague. For Germany to allow the present case to go before a board of arbitration would mean the withdrawal of the real claims she had in mind, when she sent the fleet to Agadir; it would mean that the real decision had been already made and the real question settled, and that the judges at The Hague would be allowed simply to "save" Germany's face as best they could, by hiding from the general public what the diplomatic world judged it inexpedient to publish. Arbitration would mean that France and England had checkmated Germany, did not themselves wish to use the case as a pretext for war, and allowed Germany to retreat, because they believed that a more favorable opportunity for the decision of the real issue would appear at a later day.

ROLAND G. USHER.

Washington University, St. Louis, Sept. 7.

THE PINCH OF THE CUSTOMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In contrast to many "wild and whirling" words about the United States customs, Miss Repplier's protest, in *Life* for August 10, advocates a practical remedy for an almost intolerable condition. In connection with her point, that the limit of $100 barely allows for "wear and tear," it seems apposite to call attention to what has been largely overlooked—(1) the kind of person who suffers most from the customs law; and (2) the resulting repudiation of culture.

Few object to a 60 per cent. charge on the spoils of the idle and vagrant rich, but it seems wholly objectionable to throw such an obstacle to extended foreign travel in the way of professional men that they must think twice before they dare leave the country, especially if they have families. This objection would be equally true were they rich or poor, but it happens that most professional men are not rich; so that the question of customs dues seriously affects their acceptance of an opportunity to go abroad. Yet it is surely a fair assumption that such men, if a reputable institution gives them a year's leave of absence for study and research, will return to their country more valuable citizens than when they left. The very fact that we have little in this country, outside of science, to attract professional men with a free year is only another way of saying that we need greatly the culture which these men know is to be found in the Old World, and which we can acquire only by encouraging them to bring it back.

Any one who has tried to live abroad for a year knows how uncomfortable it is to

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acquire only one hundred dollars' worth of personal effects; at least, though he might manage for himself, he would refuse to subject his wife and family to the regimen; and usually, when the allowance for "wear and tear" has been made, he still has to pay more than he can easily afford. Too often the Sabbatical professor must renounce Paris or Rome and return with sad heart to the public library of Kalamazoo.

Of course, our law-makers do not mean to lay such a heavy tax on the *importation* of ideas, but when they tax prohibitively the necessary luggage of the professional man, they tax in effect the culture which he brings. "The significant thing," I heard a European say, "is that your Government seems to be unaware of what it is doing; or, if it is aware, that it attaches no importance to a wilful repudiation of what leavens the wisdom of a nation." What the United States makes from its small inquisitions is inconsiderable; what the individual professor loses is very considerable to him; and what the United States really loses, when it deters its scholars from going abroad, is perhaps more than can be measured in the medium of exchange now current in the Custom House.

WALTER S. HINCHMAN.

Groton, Mass., August 25.

AN ALLUSION TO BLAKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has never, I believe, been pointed out that Browning's "Transcendentalism: A Poem in Twelve Books," is a criticism of William Blake and a parody, in title and general method, of Blake's "Milton: A Poem in Twelve Books." Both of these poems are absurdly short by contrast to the pretentious length of their titles. In "Transcendentalism" there is a personal reference to Blake's idol, Jacob Boehme:

As German Boehme never cared for plants
Until it happed a-walking in the fields,
He noticed all at once that plants could speak,
Nay, turned with loosened tongue to talk with him.

In the last lines of the poem, too, there is a distinct word-picture, exactly in the style of Blake's engravings:

So come, the harp back to your heart again!
You are a poem, though your poem's nought.
The best of all you showed before, believe,
Was your own boy-face o'er the finer chords
Bent, following the cherub at the top
That points to God with his paired half-moon wings.

But even without the evidence of parody and personal allusion, we should recognize at once that Browning's poem is a remarkably plain statement of Blake's poetic evolution and of his greatest fault:

But here's your fault; grown men want thought, you think:
Thought's what they mean by verse, and seek in verse:
Boys seek for images and melody,
Men must have reason—so, you aim at men.

For, even more than the difficulties that arise through the loss of the key to Blake's symbolism, his ever-increasing tendency

. . . to speak these naked thoughts
Instead of draping them in sights and sounds,

robs us of much that would otherwise have been poetry, and leaves us to struggle with the "stark-naked thought." Browning is to be thanked, in this poem, for a criticism of a fellow-poet which is more searching and perhaps, too, even more usefully suggestive than the criticism of Wordsworth in "The Lost Leader." At any rate, the reference to Blake is indubitable.

THURMAN LOS HOOD.

Cambridge, Mass., September 4.

Literature

THE PRAGMATIC SYSTEM.

Some Problems of Philosophy: A Beginning of an Introduction to Philosophy. By William James. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

A posthumous work on philosophy by the late Prof. William James must be received by all students of philosophy, especially by all American students, with peculiar interest and respect. A virtue has gone out from James's pages, not only intellectual, but moral and humane; the aspiration of a great intelligence struggling, in a sense desperately, toward a more real and fair understanding of man and world. There have been few even amongst professed philosophers in this latter day who have believed in philosophy, its influence and its advance, so warmly as he. He seemed to cry "On" to all his fellow-thinkers. No one felt more the uncompleted, fragmentary character of all extant science—forever more and never all. No one had a more childlike expectancy in the depths of his mind. He has left us only a fragment; but it is a fragment that adds notably to the substance and design of his philosophy.

Once again, of course, the vivifying touch of his style is felt:

Philosophy, beginning in wonder, . . . is able to fancy everything different from what it is. It sees the familiar as if it were strange, and the strange as if it were familiar. It can take things up and lay them down again. Its mind is full of air that plays round every subject. It rouses us from our native dogmatic slumber and breaks up our caked prejudices. Historically it has always been a sort of fecundation of four different human interests, science, poetry, religion, and logic, by one another. It has sought by hard reasoning for results emotionally valuable. To have some contact with it, to catch its influence, is thus good for both literary and scientific students. By its poetry it appeals to literary minds; but its logic stiffens them up and remedies their softness. By its logic it appeals to the scientific; but softens them by its other aspects, and saves them from too dry a technicality. Both types of student ought to get from philosophy a livelier spirit, more air, more mental background. "Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd?" This question of Touchstone's is the one with which men should always meet one another. A man with no philosophy in him is the most inauspicious and unprofitable of all social mates.

The volume consists, broadly speaking, of a general introduction, and a study of three problems. The introductory chapters include an extended defence of philosophy, a concrete description of the nature of metaphysics, and a dismissal of the hopeless "problem of being," so-called, that is, the question why the sum of things and its total arrangement came to be. "Our business," he proceeds "is far more with its What than with its Whence or Why." The three problems concerning its What to which he then addresses himself are (1) the relation of thoughts to things, or "concepts" to "percepts"; (2) the question whether the universe is one indivisible nature or system, "the only genuine unit in existence," or a mere collection of different existences not wholly controlled by one another, and (3) the question whether true novelty here and there bursts into being or whether the present always unfolds by a mechanical fate from the past. Upon the second and third hangs, in James's opinion, the question of human freedom. With the third, the problem of novelty, he discusses the ancient difficulties in the notions of infinity and continuity, and in the notion of cause. Under the first problem, we have the conflict of rationalism and empiricism, under the second that of monism and pluralism, under the third that of determinism and indeterminism (or "tychism") applied to nature as well as to human lives. Yet it is striking that, for the author, these are all one problem and one conflict. The problem is that of control—rationalism, for instance, is a doctrine according to which reason can find out the principles that control the world. "Rationalists prefer to deduce facts from principles." Monism, again, is just the doctrine that each particular fact is controlled by the mass of fact. Determinism, or the denial of "true novelty," is the doctrine that what has been controls what is. In each subject, James rebels against this tyrannous control. He stands across the path of the masterful philosopher, bent on "strong government." He believes that experience gives the lie to arrogant theory; proclaims novelty in the present, initiative in the individual, and light in particular facts. Thus his faith in experience as the source of knowledge is the basis of his whole philosophical position. This faith has never, in his opinion, been carried far enough. The conceptions with which earlier empiricists were accustomed to work were, he thinks, already tampered with by rationalism. "Most empiricists have been half-hearted." They did not look freshly at experience and take true note of its living flow, its trembling alternatives, its indescribable strangenesses and originalities. To do this is to make a more radical departure than theirs from the intellectualism which has tried to cut and stamp the facts of life with its hard and angular concepts.

Thus far, in our own form of sum-

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mary, we have only James's familiar mode of looking at our situation in philosophy. Quite new in this volume, however, is the strict order and method of the exposition, beginning with the deepest problem and carrying it into developments and consequences that are often ranged and numbered in a manner foreign to his accustomed philosophical style of informal comment. We see here, not chiefly the impressionist, but that intent analyst who was not infrequently to the fore in the "Principles of Psychology." In the treatment of contending views, too, there is somewhat more of a judicial procedure, including a respectful unfolding of the enemy's thought. New also (besides much detail) are the discussions of infinity and of cause, the elaborate argument to prove the breakdown of intellectualism, and the telling defence of philosophy against the assailants who would brand it as unprogressive and unpractical.

On the last of these topics a few words must be quoted:

> The opposition is unjustly founded, for the sciences are themselves branches of the tree of philosophy. As fast as questions got accurately answered, the answers were called "scientific," and what men call "philosophy" to-day is but the residuum of questions still unanswered. At this very moment we are seeing two sciences, psychology and general biology, drop off from the parent trunk and take independent root as specialties. . . . It does not follow, because some of these questions have waited two thousand years for an answer, that no answer will ever be forthcoming. Two thousand years probably measure but one paragraph in that great romance of adventure called the history of the intellect of man. The extraordinary progress (in science) of the last three hundred years is due to a rather sudden finding of the way in which a certain order of questions ought to be attacked, questions admitting of mathematical treatment. . . . To the spiritual questions the proper avenue of approach will also undoubtedly be found. They have, to some extent, been found already. In some respects, indeed, "science" has made less progress than "philosophy"—its most general conceptions (those of science) would astonish neither Aristotle nor Descartes, could they revisit our earth. The composition of things from elements, their evolution, the conservation of energy, the idea of a universal determinism, would seem to them commonplace enough—the little things, the microscopes, electric lights, telephones, and details of the sciences, would be to them the awe-inspiring things. But if they opened our books on metaphysics, or visited a philosophic lecture-room, everything would sound strange. The whole idealistic or "critical" attitude of our time would be novel, and it would be long before they took it in.

On the whole, the interest of the book centres in the asserted breakdown of intellectualism, or rationalism. First we have what can be said in laudation of concepts; then the author opens fire on their claims to supremacy. On the good side, they open up an immense perspective of practical consequences and adapt us to an immensely wider environment; when compared with each other, they proceed to disclose unsuspected relations which also give practical guidance; and they have a third merit, that of enriching life. "Their relation to percepts is like that of sight to touch. Sight, indeed, helps us by preparing us for contacts while they are yet far off, but it endows us in addition with a new world of optical splendor, interesting enough by itself to occupy a busy life. Just so do concepts bring their proper splendor. The mere possession of such vast and simple pictures is an inspiring good. They arouse new feelings of sublimity, power, and admiration, new interests and motivations." On the harmful side, when taken at their face-value, they simply falsify reality. They break a living whole into parts and then represent the whole as nothing but those parts added together. They cut our flowing life into bits and pin them on a fixed relational scheme. Thus activity, continuity, self, in short, life, escapes the conceptual view of things. Nothing happens therein; concepts are timeless and can only be juxtaposed and compared. "The concept 'dog' does not bite; the concept 'cock' does not crow." "The deeper features of reality are found only in perceptual experience." While classic philosophy has at all times inclined to say, "Distrust sense-perception; follow reason," James says, "Distrust reason; look to perception for the heart of truth." For our own part we regret that he has stated the matter as though a prevailing habit of short-sighted analysis were a vice inherent in concepts themselves. Continuity, activity, happening—not to mention biting and growing—are all concepts. If there is in them something not capable of analysis, then we have only to remind ourselves that this is true of all concepts whatever. It is expected to be true of them. The author holds further that reality, when stated with the aid of concepts and of logic, turns out to be self-contradictory and thus discredits the aid we have employed. But may it not prove that, wherever this is the case, there has been some needless ineptitude in the concepts or some needless assumption in the logic? With certain concepts and certain assumptions, no doubt, his thesis is made good.

In the present confusion of tongues and tenets in philosophy, the volume will encounter, no doubt, all degrees of assent and difference. But we cannot conclude our study of this striking literary bequest without asking ourselves what are the undeniable gains in philosophy, as distinguished from psychology, that we owe to James. Within the sphere of controversy there are, of course, various specific contributions from him, such as the revolutionary and, we believe, wholly original theory of "the function of cognition." But however strong the evidence that this and others are in substance permanent additions to knowledge, our question here relates to forms of furtherance that all will admit. Of these there are many, but one stands forth as chief. He said, as it were, in the old words to the thinking world, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy"; more things and more rich chances of things; more in the universe at large (for this is the meaning of his pluralism, "tychism," "piecemeal supernaturalism"); more in the mind (subliminal consciousness, etc.); more in the possibilities of social life (the value of ethical and other social experiments); more in character and human capacity ("The Powers of Men"). Nay, there is more in your own daily experience than the theoretic routine of your thinking will suffer you to see. Be not so sure that you know what your experience will bring forth; look at it for what it is, regain the innocence of the eye, do not by prejudgment rob it of its deep colors before it comes. Be not so enamoured of your boundary-lines; there is more in this wild world than they can possibly confine—no one, we conceive, has ever taught this lesson with the inborn force and fire of William James.

CURRENT FICTION.

Mother Carey's Chickens. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Whether or not Mrs. Riggs has in this story, as her publishers vaunt, pictured "the ideal American mother," she has certainly written a pleasant and wholesome story for boys and girls. It deals with just the sort of impossibilities children delight in. The charming house which stands ready in its Eden for the impoverished Careys is like the sugar-plum dwellings of fairyland. Such stately mansions do not really rent at sixty dollars a year even in the most abandoned parts of New England. But never mind: there are, roughly speaking, such good turns of fortune as befell the Careys in their need. And there are, we doubt not, somewhere or other such adorable family circles as that of the Careys themselves.

Mother Carey is the still young and lovely widow of an American naval officer. His death has left her almost without means; and the family must leave their city house and city way of living. Fate directs them to Beulah and the wonderful Yellow House. Its owner is an American diplomat, long an absentee. He has tender memories of the Yellow House, but his life has led him into hard and worldly paths, and he is an unlucky member of what Mrs. Riggs calls "a family rhomboid."

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In other terms, there is no simple warmth of relation between him and his wife and daughters. Now Mother Carey's eldest daughter, Nancy, is an enterprising chicken. Soon after the Careys take the Yellow House, Nancy writes the consul a letter which wins his heart. It is true that, coldly regarded, the letter is such as a ten-year-old might have been forgiven for—virtually a begging letter—and Nancy is fifteen. However, it wins the consul. The sixty dollars rent is eliminated, and on the Careys is bestowed virtual ownership of the Yellow House, which, with no money to do it with, they proceed to make beautiful. We ought perhaps to commend Mrs. Riggs for abstaining from the "back-to-the-soil" motive. If they had gone into some little old farmhouse, and beautified it, and halved their table expenses by keeping a cow and chickens and growing their own vegetables, their experience would have been comparatively commonplace in these days. As a matter of fact, they remain little city people gracefully condescending to rural conditions—carrying, as it were, a light into that darkness. To them the country is a place where goodhearted but rather ridiculous people live, and where trees and crimson ramblers grow in uncommon profusion. When the worst pinch comes, the girls start a little summer school, and the oldest boy becomes clerk and delivery boy in the local "store"; they have to get money to buy milk and eggs and vegetables with! And they are finally delivered from their poverty not by their own ingenuity, but by the immemorial succor of a legacy.

But the tale is, we say, a pleasant one, a frankly sentimental celebration of motherhood as it may be. All the crabbed persons turn sweet under her influence, and in the end everything is as lovely for everybody as anybody could desire. We confess to an impression of Nancy as, like all Mrs. Riggs's heroines, something of a minx.

Tales of the Town. By Charles Belmont Davis. New York: Duffield & Co.

This is another collection of amiable bachelor tales quite in the same vein as Mr. Davis's "The Lodger Overhead," but with a greater stress on the life of the theatre. They are not very deep or very affecting or very funny, but they are all eminently readable, partly because there is always a story to tell and partly because it is told in pleasantly crisp and unaffected language. There is also less insistence here than in the earlier book upon tiger-skin rugs and heavy fur coats and a nonchalant use of taxicabs. For this we are grateful. The first story in the book is also the one that comes nearest to dealing with a very real human trait. The little country bride, who comes to New York and develops a taste for magnificent hats that go badly with her modest beauty and her young husband's income, has her little tragedy and surmounts it. But even here the emotional climaxes are not high.

Fenella. By H. L. Stuart. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Stuart tells us regarding his hero Paul Ingram that he had broken with the old tradition of fiction writing:

> In all the stories I had read the character seemed to start, full-fledged, on the first page. All the action of the book develops it and shows it up. Now that might be literature, but it wasn't life. What was the reason? Not a mistake; because the best men do it. No. But I think unconsciously they are following the line of least resistance. They start the first chapter under a disadvantage: with the last one in their heads.

Here and there in "Fenella" the indications are that Mr. Stuart has set out to do what Paul Ingram did or what Arnold Bennett is doing. But the old methods assert themselves in the end. The new principle evinces itself in a broad canvas painted in with a great amount of detail, and in a fondness for digression. Chapters are given to the depictment of characters whose part in the general machinery of the book is only incidental, and these characters are, for the most part, very successful. But it is in his chief personages that Mr. Stuart fails to live up to Ingram's standard. Fenella, Paul Ingram, and Sir Bryan Lumsden confront us at the beginning, ready made; if anything, they are more vivid when we first meet them than when we leave them. Having said that, we must immediately add that Fenella is a charming, and, allowing for the exigencies of plot, a lifelike conception. For one thing, she is that rare being, a great dancer without a temperament, and her food is what most of us eat and not the bones and gristle of hapless men. Ingram is not so well drawn; he is too real for melodrama, and a bit too melodramatic for Fenella's company. Allowing for certain languors of pace, we find the book readable. It is certainly a serious, dignified piece of writing.

OLD PENNSYLVANIA TRADERS.

The Wilderness Trail; or The Ventures and Adventures of the Pennsylvania Traders on the Allegheny Path, with some New Annals of the Old West, and the Records of Some Strong Men and Some Bad Ones. By Charles A. Hanna, Author of "The Scotch-Irish." With 80 maps and illustrations. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $10 net.

These two volumes of nearly 900 octavo pages deal chiefly with the traders and trading paths of western Pennsylvania and Ohio from 1692, when the Dutchman, Arnold Viele, led the way, to 1752, when the destruction of the English trading station among the Miami brought to a head the contest between France and England for control of the Ohio Valley. The Indian tribes chiefly concerned, the principals or the objects in every intrigue and murderous raid, were the Iroquois, the Delawares, the Shawnee, the Miami, and the Wyandot, under such chiefs as Demoiselle and Newcomer, and largely influenced by such traders as Chartier and Croghan.

The first four chapters are devoted chiefly to an account of the native tribes originally occupying the "debatable land," an entire chapter being given to the devious wanderings of the Shawnee. As is well known to students of American history, the confederated Iroquois of New York claimed the tribal dictatorship and held the balance of power for England until the French flag went down at Quebec. It is not so commonly known, however, that their political dominance was of recent origin, dating only from their first obtaining guns through contraband trade with the Dutch of Albany about 1630, and was built up by a systematic policy of wholesale incorporation of captives to such an extent that as early as 1660 it was estimated that more than half their warriors were of alien origin. An important point is the fact that nearly all of these incorporations were of tribes of closely cognate stock, and therefore easily assimilated, as the Huron, Neutral, Erie, and Susquehanna. In regard to the relative position of the Delawares, whom our author derisively calls the "petticoat. Indians," there has been much misunderstanding and considerable warmth of argument. The last word is probably with Hewitt, our best authority on Iroquois custom, and himself of that blood, who states that "women" was a figurative term used to designate, not a conquered tribe, but a tribe taken under suzerainty or protection, but not admitted to representation in the league council. Even the kindred and allied Tuscarora, refugees from North Carolina, held this relation to the league and were never admitted to equal representation in the league council. The Hurons, Neutrals, Erie, and Susquehanna (Conestoga) were conquered and destroyed as tribes, their council fires extinguished, their territories seized, and themselves deported bodily and parcelled out among the villages of their conquerors, whose tribal names they were compelled to assume. The Delawares, on the contrary, retained their own territory, tribal organization, name, and council fire, surrendering only the right of foreign relations, including the making of war or peace and the sale of lands. It is probable that the Delawares entered into this relation voluntarily, as a matter of self-preservation, after the conquest of the

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Susquehanna in 1675 had rendered the Iroquois supreme from Lake Huron to the Chesapeake, with the powerful English alliance to back their claims. The Delaware suzerainty lasted until their withdrawal to the Ohio country brought them into the neighborhood of the French, under whose encouragement they soon asserted their complete independence, replying to an insolent message from the Iroquois in 1757: "We are men, and are determined not to be ruled any longer by you as women, so say no more to us on that head."

In regard to the tribal identification, it is probable, as stated by early French writers, that the Erie took their name of "Cats" from the abundance either of the raccoon or of the wildcat in their country. The two animals were frequently confused in nomenclature, and according to Gayarré, the "cats" of Cat Island, near Biloxi, were raccoons. The Carantouan of Champlain were probably the Onnontioga, about the present Binghamton, N. Y., conquered and incorporated by the Iroquois. Gatschet's etymology of Sawokli, like some other guesses by the same writer, is very doubtful. The Assiwikalae, from whom Sewickley, Pa., takes its name, were the Hathiwikala, or Absentee Shawnee, one of the five (not four) original subtribes of the Shawnee, but always in history keeping somewhat aloof from the others. It is quite possible that they were the Sawokli, or Souikila, incorporated with the Creeks. The "Sauna" on the upper Roanoke, in 1670, are not the Chowanoc, but the Sara, or Cheraw, the Xuala of the De Soto narrative, formerly the most important tribe of Piedmont Carolina. The Chowanoc of Chowan River were entirely distinct from the Shawnee. The name of Savannah River is not derived from the Spanish word for "prairie," as asserted by Gatschet, but from Savanna, or Savanogi, the Creek name for the Shawnee, who still had three villages upon that stream as late as 1715, and probably later. Taken altogether, the chapters upon the Shawnee and the Susquehanna are the best that have yet been written. It is also quite possible that the Rickohockan, or Rechahecrian, of Virginia history are the fugitive Erie, although Lederer's map of 1670 should seem to place them to the southwest, in Cherokee territory. The Gachoos, Capitanasses, and Ioteccas of the Dutch map of 1614, are, respectively, the Erie (Gahkwa), Onondaga, and Juniata. Several names remain to be identified in the Ohio region, the probability being that the tribes were exterminated by the all-destroying Iroquois.

The chapters on the early traders of the Pennsylvania frontier are particularly interesting, containing much valuable documentary information not easily accessible. Two whole chapters are given to George Croghan, who had so much to do with holding the Ohio tribes to the English interest. The gradual withdrawal of the tribes to the westward between 1720 and 1750 brought them finally under French influence. The main trading paths and travel routes between East and West, with all their Indian towns and camp stations, are described in detail. Valuable biographic sketches are given of the principal chiefs and leaders, including the Chartiers and the Montours, of whom Madame Montour was reputed to be the daughter of the great Frontenac. Her son held the unique distinction of drawing a salary of £300 from Virginia as interpreter, while at the same time there was a standing offer from Canada of £100 for his head. Considerable attention is given to the Moravian missionary explorers.

The author's Scotch-Irish bias occasionally leads him afield, particularly in his frequent severe strictures upon the Pennsylvania Quakers, who, in view of their well-known peace principles and generally friendly relations with the Indians, and in a government of their own creation, may be forgiven for having hesitated to take up a war urged upon them by a restless border population of different stock and religious tenets, whose indiscriminate hatred of all Indians is exemplified in the Conestoga butchery, the murder of Logan's family, and the atrocious massacre of the unarmed and unresisting Moravian Christians at Gnadenhuetten. "James Adair, the Scotch trader," while of remote Scottish origin, was a native of the neighborhood of Ballymena, County Antrim, Ireland, where his ancestors had resided for at least 120 years before his coming to America. While a large proportion of the Pennsylvania traders were of Scotch-Irish stock, the list as published contains also a number of genuine old Milesian names, such as Crowley, Kelly, Devoy, McGuire, McLaughlin, Reardon, Denis Sullivan, and Terence O'Neal.

The valuable series of maps includes reproductions of every one of importance, Dutch, French, and English, for the region under discussion, down to the close of the Revolution, supplemented by a clear-cut author's map, the most complete of the kind yet published, showing every trading trail and Indian town, with date, as far west as the present Fort Wayne. The fifty-three fine illustrations, many of them from photographs by the author, add much to our understanding of the descriptions in the text. It is to be regretted that the numerous footnote references were not brought together into a compact bibliography, but the ample index is all that could be desired. The make-up of the book is in keeping with its scholarly excellence. The edition is limited to one thousand copies, and the type has been destroyed.

The Mother of Goethe. By Margaret Reeks. New York: John Lane Co. $3.50.

The author of this handsome volume has conscientiously studied the portrait of her subject as found in Goethe's autobiography. Much of the material drawn upon is furnished also by the letters of the Frau Rat, who enjoyed commenting fully upon the experiences of her life in and about the old Goethehaus. Another source of the book is indicated by the author in her quotations from "Wilhelm Meister," "Hermann and Dorothea," and "Erwin and Elmire," which to any one who knows of the companionship that existed between the young mother and her children, are most significant. Married at seventeen to a man more than twenty years her senior, she made her children her friends, and confided to them all her little joys and sorrows. Thus one has reason to assume that the portrait contained within the pages of this book is trustworthy.

Born into a prominent burgher family of the rich old town of Frankfurt, Elisabeth Textor was probably brought up much in the manner in which Olympia describes the education of girls in her youth in "Erwin and Elmire"; and it is likely that she was married, as was the custom for those girls to marry, before she knew her own mind. There is no doubt that her innate good sense and her *Frohnatur* helped her to accept the situation with good grace. It brightened the spooky atmosphere of the rambling old house into which she had come as its mistress. When Elisabeth became a mother this same *Frohnatur* stood as a buffer between the rigorous father and his intelligent, but not too docile, offspring. The son undoubtedly derived more inspiration and enjoyment from the hours when he listened to his mother's friendly chat or to her rich fund of stories, than from the methodical instruction imparted to him by the father, whose hobby was teaching those about him, but whose pedagogical system was of a kind to make the young idea withdraw into its shell. Elisabeth Textor reigned in undisputed sovereignty not only upon the "fable-seat" placed as a birthday gift under a pear tree in their garden, which, as the author tells us, was on that February day a mass of delicate "pink" bloom, but even more so in the hearts of her children.

In some parts of this life of the mother the author dwells with unjustifiable length upon incidents properly belonging to the biography of the son. The two chapters entitled Billeting and Hätschelhans have little to do with the remarkable woman, though her admirable tact in the dispute between her all-too patriotic husband and Count Thorane is mentioned. It is curious that the

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name of the distinguished French guest of the Goethehaus should be persistently spelled in this book with a final *c*, although both Goethe in his autobiography and Gutzkow in his "Königslieutenant" have a final *e*. Not until Goethe receives the call to Weimar does his personality cease to dominate the canvas of his mother's life. The latter part of the book conveys a far more direct impression of "Frau Aja." One wishes that her letters, those spontaneous expressions of herself, were more frequently drawn upon. One of the most charming is addressed to the Duchess Anna Amalia of Weimar. The two mothers had much in common; the one with her good sense and invincible humor, the other with her various intellectual gifts —she was a scholarly musician—knew how to make the best of every day. When the counsellor's infirmities grew upon him, the wife joyfully assumed the reins of the house and bore his whims with patience. In her widowhood, too, she did not give way to unreasonable grief. Replying to a letter from the duchess, who had inquired what she was doing, she says: "Just to make the best of the present and not keep thinking how things might be different, that is how one gets best through the world, and to get through (all things considered) is the chief business." She remained the same sensible, good-humored "Frau Aja" from the time the name was bestowed upon her when the old house was ringing with the shouts of Goethe's fellow-students, to the Saturday afternoons when, in her age, she gathered about her the young girls of her acquaintance. Wonderfully stimulating must have been the influence of this genial matron whose mind and hands were busy to the end. To her clavier-playing, which she had practised with her strict husband, she added other accomplishments, among them the making of Brabant lace. She was a clever chess-player, a great reader, and an enthusiastic theatre-goer, extending her patronage from the stage to those of the profession that managed to enlist her sympathy. Her criticism of Frankfurt audiences at the performance of "Hamlet" is delightful, and her censure of her townspeople for seeking entertainment in "Bacchanalia," which "look like tedium as one drop of water is like the other," was probably only too well justified.

The book appeals to a popular taste; yet one might have been spared phrases like "sweet singer" when applied to Schiller. Typographical errors mar some pages. The illustrations are good. That the figure of the son too frequently interposes itself between the reader and the subject of the book, is after all excusable; "Frau Aja" herself would not have had it otherwise.

Notes

We learn from Sturgis & Walton that M. A. DeWolffe Howe's "Life and Labors of Bishop Hare" will soon appear.

From the same press is promised "A Ship of Solace," by Eleanor Mordaunt.

"The Spell of Holland" is a new volume of travel which Burton E. Stevenson has placed for publication with L. C. Page & Co.

Sudermann has written a collection of stories, long and short, under the title of "The Indian Lily." It is advertised by the publisher, B. W. Huebsch, as a cycle of womanhood.

The same house announces further, "Love and Ethics," by Ellen Key; "The Fool in Christ," translated from the German of Hauptmann; the autobiography of the late Tom L. Johnson.

The Abbey Co. promises for early in October "Legends of Long Ago," translated by Dr. Charles Hart Handschin from the German of Gottfried Keller's "Sieben Legenden."

A new Social Service series will be inaugurated this autumn by the Appletons. The first volume entitled, "Citizens of Tomorrow," is by Dr. W. B. Forbush.

The Clarendon Press announces "Richardson's Novels and Their Influence," by Dr. F. S. Boas; "Jane Austen," by Dr. A. C. Bradley, and "Description in Poetry," by A. Clutton Brock.

Small, Maynard & Co. promise shortly six new novels: "The Knight Errant," by Robert Alexander Wason; "Her Husband," by Julia Magruder; "The Marriage Portion," by H. A. Mitchell Keays; "The Loser Pays," a story of the French Revolution, by Mary Openshaw; "The Incorrigible Dukane," by George C. Shedd, and "One Way Out," by William Carleton. In juveniles their list includes: "The Land We Live In," by Overton W. Price; "Harmony Hall," by Marion Hill; "The Young Timber-Cruisers," by Hugh Pendexter; "The Young Gem-Hunters," also by Mr. Pendexter; "The Sultan's Rival," by Bradley Gilman, and "Grandmother Goose Stories," by John Howard Jewett.—*Miscellaneous*: "The Librarian at Play," by Edmund Lester Pearson; "The Log of the Easy Way," by John L. Mathews; "The Story of the Aeroplane," by Claude Grahame-White, and "The Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti," translated by Ezra Pound.

Macmillan's long list of recent or forthcoming books includes in fiction: "The Man in the Shadow, and Other Stories," by Richard Washburn Child; "The Inside of the Cup," by Winston Churchill; Dostoievski's novels, "Crime and Punishment," "The Possessed," "The Idiot," "The House of the Dead," and "The Brothers Karamazov," translated by Lucy M. J. Garnett; "Puppets," by George Forbes; "Mothers to Men," by Zona Gale; "The Healer," by Robert Herrick; "South Sea Tales," by Jack London; "The Believing Years," by Edmund Lester Pearson; "The Jugglers," by Molly Elliott Seawell; "Mother," by Kathleen Norris, and "The Love that Lives," by Mabel Osgood Wright.—*Juveniles*: "The Children's Book of Christmas," edited by J. C. Dier; "Honey Sweet," by Edna Turpin; "Peggy Stewart," by Gabrielle E. Jackson; "Peeps at Many Lands and Cities" and "Fairies Afield," by Mrs. Molesworth.—*Travel*: "From Constantinople to the Home of Omar Khayyam," by A. V. W. Jackson; "Panama," by Albert Edwards; "Universities of the World," by Charles F. Thwing: "The Soul of the Far East," by Percival Lowell; "Highways and Byways of the Great Lakes," by Clifton Johnson: "Home Life in Russia," by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport, and "France and the French," by Charles Dawbarn.—*Verse*: "Poems," by Madison Cawein, and "The Overture and Other Poems," by Jefferson Butler Fletcher.—*Biography*: "The Life of Ruskin," by Edward Tyas Cook; "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli," by W. F. Monypenny, Vol. II; "The Record of an Adventurous Life," by Henry M. Hyndman; "The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon," by Sir Henry Craik, 2 vols.; "Statesmen of the Old South," by William E. Dodd; "The Philanthropic Work of Josephine Shaw Lowell," by William Rhinelander Stewart, and "Autobiographic Memoirs," by Frederic Harrison.—*History*: "Studies: Military and Diplomatic," by Charles Francis Adams; "Democratic England," by Percy Alden, M.P.; "A History of the United States," by Edward Channing, Vol. III; "The New History," by James Harvey Robinson; "The Presidential Campaign of 1860," by Emerson David Fite; "The Cambridge Modern History," two supplementary volumes; "The Cambridge Mediæval History," planned by J. B. Bury, Vol. I; "A History of German Civilization: A General Survey," by Ernst Richard; "The Quakers in the American Colonies," by Rufus M. Jones and others; "The First American Civil War," by Dr. H. Belcher; "Social Forces in American History," by A. M. Simons; "Hellenistic Athens: An Historical Study," by William S. Ferguson, and "Social Life in France in the XVII Century," by Cecile Hugon.—*Politics and economics*: "Principles of Economics," by F. W. Taussig; "Wages in the United States," by Scott Nearing; "Economic Beginnings of the Far West," by Katharine Coman; "The Law of the Employment of Labor," by L. D. Clark; "The Rise of Chinese Nationalism," by Paul S. Reinsch; "The Tariff in Our Times," by Ida M. Tarbell; "Making Both Ends Meet," by Mrs. S. A. Clark and Edith Wyatt; "Problems in Railway Regulation," by Henry S. Haines; "District Nursing," by Mabel Jacques; "The Lowell Social Survey," by George F. Kenngott.—*Religion and philosophy*: "Christianizing the Social Order," by Walter Rauschenbusch; "Success Through Self-Help," by Newell Dwight Hillis; "Moral and Religious Challenge of Our Times," by Henry Churchill King; "Everyman's Religion," by George Hodges; "Socialism and the Ethics of Jesus," by Henry C. Vedder; "William James and Other Essays on the Philosophy of Life," by Josiah Royce; "The Five Great Philosophies of Life," by William DeW. Hyde; "Life, Love, and Light"; "The Basis of a Scheme of Life," by Rudolf Eucken; "The Bible for Home and School," edited by Shailer Mathews, and "Job," by George A. Barton. Macmillan's list of announcements will be completed in the *Nation* of next week.

In a neat volume bound in red limp leather Crowells have issued the "Complete Poetical Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti,"

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with W. M. Rossetti's Preface of 1886 and Notes.

The *American Journal of International Law* for July, which has just appeared, opens with the Presidential address of Senator Root, delivered at the annual meeting of the American Society of International Law held in Washington last spring. In it, as in his previous Presidential addresses, Mr. Root undertakes to discuss a practical, utilitarian question, in this case codification as applied to international law. The function of the codifier of municipal law is to produce a systematic and authoritative statement of the law already prescribed by a sovereign, whether that sovereign be the people or some other body. To codify international law one deals with different material, and with a different process. The substantial work of international codification is not merely to state rules, but to obtain agreement as to what the rules are by the nations whose confirmation of them is indispensable to establishing them. In short, to codify international law is primarily to set in motion and promote the law-making process itself. Publicists have long occupied themselves with formulating international systems: Mr. Field, in 1872; Professor Bluntschli, Heidelberg, in 1868; Sig. Fiore of the University of Naples, in 1888; M. Duplessix, in 1906; while the Institute of International Law, established at Ghent in 1873, has devoted itself to the scientific study and discussion of the law. Associations for such study have so grown in numbers that when in 1910 the central office of international institutions at Brussels invited representatives of similar associations to meet in a congress, one hundred and thirty-four accepted, and it has appeared that there are about three hundred associations in existence. The paper by the late Gen. H. W. Halleck, U. S. A., on "Military Espionage" discusses the case of Major André, whose execution Gen. Halleck thought was legally justified. The paper corrects certain misstatements, among others as to the composition of the trial court, which consisted of fourteen general officers of distinction. Gen. Halleck's opinion—that a spy who has succeeded in carrying information to his own army is not liable to punishment for that offence if subsequently captured by the enemy—is also shown to be confirmed by the Hague Conference, in Art. 31 of its "Regulations Respecting the Laws and Customs of War on Land." There are two papers on the right to fortify the Panama Canal; the first, by Prof. Eugene Wambaugh, maintaining the right; the second, an elaborate study by Crammond Kennedy, denying it. Professor Wambaugh's shorter paper quotes Lord Lansdowne as saying that "there is no stipulation prohibiting the erection of fortifications."

Ching-Chun Wang, in an article on "The Hankow-Szechuan Railway Loan," gives a very intelligible narrative of complicated negotiations. The railway line is to extend from Hankow, on the Yang Tse, a great railway centre, westward to Shengtu, the capital of the very rich Szechuan province. In 1903 Sir Ernest Satow, British minister to Peking, after long negotiation and a naval demonstration, concluded an agreement with Prince Ching, president of the Board of Foreign Affairs, which provided that if China desired to construct a Hankow-Szechuan line, she might obtain all necessary foreign capital from Great Britain and the United States. This offer was in harmony with the British policy of connecting India with China, via Burma, Yunnan, and the head waters of the Yangtse River. Thomas Willing Balch contributes an article of historical significance on Albericus Gentilis, the Italian scholar and exile, who, coming to England in or about August, 1580, was one of the founders of international law. He became a doctor of the civil law and soon after his arrival was called on for advice in the case of Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, who had been detected in plots against Queen Elizabeth. His advice was to conduct Mendoza to the frontier, and send him back to Spain, and this is a practice approved in more recent times. Mr. Balch credits Gentilis with having clearly laid down rules of conduct between nations in beginning war, waging it, and bringing it to a close; with having held advanced ideas on the rights of neutrals; with striking a blow for more humane practices in the treatment of prisoners, and of the defenceless in the enemy's country.

Those who would expect some interesting philosophy from a man of President David Starr Jordan's experience in science and in public life will be disappointed in the little book, "The Stability of Truth" (Holt), which is a mass of irrelevancies. In the first place the character of the six lectures is irrelevant to the purpose of the McNair Foundation; science is represented, but theology is quietly ignored. Then the title of the book is irrelevant to the eager and avowed pragmatism of its message; for if truth is being ever developed in action, it is not conspicuously stable. Yet this irrelevancy, or inconsistency, is faithful to the internal confusion of the doctrine, in which pragmatism is crudely compounded with a naturalistic absolutism. Truth is that which works; yes, but nothing will work unless it corresponds to natural fact. Each of us may choose his truth—from the eternal truth of the universe. Throughout the six lectures the argument never progresses, but remains always pivoted. The most interesting feature is a choice collection of frauds and delusions presented under the head of Realty and Illusion. The book is the first number of a Philosophy of Nature series.

"Among Indian Rajahs and Ryots" (Lippincott), by Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, differs from the many other profusely illustrated books put forth annually concerning India in being the work of a man who has lived a number of years in the country he describes. Sir Andrew gives pleasant touches here and there revealing life as it was, in sharp contrast to life as it now is in diplomatic circles. His remarks on the ease with which testimony is bought in the law courts, the chapters on the police, education, and Christian missions, are all well worth reading. The author is not in sympathy with the present view of education, which tends to neglect the higher in favor of the "lower orders," and says: "In our enthusiasm for the salvation of blind beggars, let us not overlook the possibility of enlisting a St. Paul." Politically, the chapter on Indian unrest will also attract attention. Sir Andrew regards this unrest as not altogether evil. He is, in fact, somewhat sanguine, but his is an argued and reasonable hopefulness, which is good reading after the vague diatribes against the government. The chapter on the partition of Bengal should be especially instructive to the natives themselves. Under the caption Humours of Administration many good stories are told. There are also tales of hunting to please Nimrods, and some details of massacres, showing what sort of wild beasts in human form India still contains.

"Adventure, Sport, and Travel on the Tibetan Steppes" (Scribner), by W. N. Fergusson, is, in the main, a record of two journeys taken through China by the late Lieut. Brooke, who in the first instance left Shanghai on August 1, 1906, and, after partly crossing Tibet, returned in October, 1907. On the second journey he left Shanghai in December, 1907, and travelled for a year in western Szechuan and eastern Tibet. On December 28, 1908, he was cruelly murdered in the Independent Lolo Land. Mr. Fergusson has elaborated the diary of this unfortunate Englishman, and has added the experiences which he himself had in this interesting region, while distributing tracts for the Foreign Bible Society. It is a pity that Lieut. Brooke did not survive to record his own wanderings, as even in his rough diary he reveals a delightful power of description and a grasp of salient points of interest. On the first day's ride of his journey into Tibet he was attacked by a Tibetan, who with sword and stones tried to kill him; on the second day his Yaks broke his instruments and half-murdered his servant; and, after weeks of the hardest travel, he was finally turned back and not allowed to proceed to Lhasa. Mr. Fergusson's style is not so pleasant, being more matter-of-fact, and burdened with many repetitions; yet he gives many interesting facts concerning the semi-independent tribes of western Szechuan, and the few allusions to the flora and fauna are all of value. For one who has travelled in these isolated regions, it is an easy matter to fill in the gaps of descriptions—the hundred and one common things which make up the picture—but it will be impossible for the untravelled to form anything like a correct impression. He will see but vaguely the dark, rocky valleys and their torrents; the brilliant, snowy heights, with their strips of blue sky; the soaring lammergeiers, and the grace and poise of the living serow or goral. Two maps of Szechuan show the line of travel.

The "Bellum Civile" of Petronius, edited by Florence T. Baldwin (Columbia University Press), takes the place of the customary dissertation for the degree of doctor of philosophy in Columbia University. This poem of less than 300 lines has been the subject of a vast amount of discussion. It swarms with difficulties, both of text and meaning. What was Petronius's object in writing it? Is it a parody or serious work? What is its relation to Lucan's "Pharsalia"? Has it any allusions to Seneca? These and many other problems have continually vexed the critics. Miss Baldwin's work shows the most conscientious care in sifting all authorities and in weighing all the suggestions of the preceding critics. While contributing little herself to the elucidation of the various questions, she has made a very useful edition, and supplied a need that has

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been increasingly felt since Burmann's time.

Francis Andrew March, who died on Saturday in his eighty-sixth year, was emeritus professor of the English language and comparative philology at Lafayette College. At the age of twenty he graduated from Amherst. Princeton gave him the degree of LL.D. in 1870, and Amherst a year later. From Columbia he received an L.H.D., and in 1896 Oxford and Cambridge, England, made him, respectively, a D.C.L. and a Litt.D. He was president of the American Philological Association for two terms, an honorary member of the London Philological Society, and vice-president of the New Shakespeare Society of London. Among his works are "Method of Philological Study of the English Language" and "Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language." He also edited several Latin and Greek texts.

The Rev. George Thomson Knight, D.D., professor of Christian theology at the Crane Theological School, and formerly connected with the Tufts Divinity School, died on Sunday, in his sixtieth year. He wrote many treatises on theological subjects, and two books, "The Goodness of God" and "The Praise of Hyprocrisy."

James Russell Soley, a lawyer who was noted as the author of books on naval affairs, ex-assistant secretary of the navy, for a time professor of history and law at the United States Naval Academy, and since 1885 lecturer on international law in the Naval War College at Newport, died on Monday. He was sixty years old, and a graduate of Harvard. Professor Soley was counsel for Venezuela, at the arbitration at Paris of the Venezuela-British Guiana boundary dispute in 1899. Among his books are "History of the Naval Academy," "Foreign Systems of Naval Education," "The Blockade and the Cruisers," "Rescue of Greely" (with Winfield S. Schley), "Boys of 1812," "Sailor Boys of '61," and "Life of Admiral Porter." He edited the autobiography of Commodore Morris, 1886, and contributed to "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" and to Justin Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America."

The death is reported from Kelso, N. B., of Miss Anna M. Stoddart, who was the author of several volumes of interesting memoirs: of Professor Blackie, Mrs. Pease Nichol, Sir Philip Sidney, Saint Francis of Assisi, and others. She also wrote a monograph on Jacopone da Todi, and was engaged at the time of her death on a life of Paracelsus.

Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston died suddenly last week in Cork, the city of her birth. Mrs. Thurston was known on this side of the ocean as the author of several best-sellers, among which "The Masquerader" and "The Gambler" are perhaps best known. "The Circle," "The Fly on the Wheel," and "Max" were others.

Dr. Otto Kirn, professor of dogmatics, is dead at Leipzig, aged fifty-four. He was the author of "Schleiermacher und die Romantik," "Grundriss der Theologischen Ethik," "Sittliche Lebensanschauung der Gegenwart," and other works.

Not until he was twenty-eight years old did Prof. J. E. Lieblein, the Egyptologist, whose death at the age of eighty-four is announced from Christiania, contrive to become a student of the university. Before that he was a workman in a sawmill and later a clerk. The University of Christiania made him a professor in 1876. He is remembered for his two books, "Deux Papyrus hiératiques du Musée de Turin" and "Gammel-ägyptisk Religion."

Science

Science books in the autumn list of the University of Chicago Press include: "American Permian Vertebrates," by S. W. Williston, and "Agricultural Education," by Benjamin Marshall Davis.

There are two science books in Stokes's autumn list: "The World's Minerals," by L. J. Spencer, and "Overheard at the Zoo," by Gladys Davidson.

"With Pack and Rifle Through Trackless Labrador," by H. Hesketh Prichard, is promised shortly by Sturgis & Walton.

"The Steam Engine and Turbine," a work by Prof. Robert C. H. Heck, which Van Nostrand will shortly issue, is announced as a textbook of engineering students.

Yves Delage, the French experimenter, has written a new book on "Theories of Evolution." The publisher in its English form will be B. W. Huebsch.

Under the title "Zur Geschichte der Wissenschaften und der Gelehrten" (Leipzig: Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft), Wilhelm Ostwald has issued a German translation of Alphonse de Candolle's "Histoire des sciences et des savants," as the second volume of his series of studies of "Grosse Männer"; his own work with this latter title in its new edition is numbered as the first of the series. The series was an afterthought, caused by the great interest which Ostwald's own book aroused. The trifling change in the title given to M. de Candolle's work in the German translation makes it express more clearly the real character and purpose of the book; it is not a formal history of science, but contributions to that history. Alphonse de Candolle was a botanist with decided predilection for statistical methods, and his book is a statistical study of the causes that help to produce the scientific investigator, more precisely expressed in the author's own words as being a man who "is anxiously inquiring about real facts which are unknown or little known," and who "loves truth for its own sake, without bothering about other people's opinions, personal advantage, or the possible results." It is a biological study of the particular sub-species of *homo sapiens* known as the "great man," greatness being conceived as spiritual and being measured by the esteem in which men are held by the groups of men who might be supposed to be competent above others to judge —namely, the members of the great scientific academies. An investigation is made into the lives of the foreign members of the Académie des Sciences in Paris, of the Royal Society in London, and of the Akademie der Wissenschaften in Berlin. M. de Candolle gives (pp. 326-328 of the German translation) a list of twenty conditions which tend to foster the proper soil for the production of great men; among the most important being the existence of a wealthy leisure class, an old civilization, well organized learned institutions, a public interested more in truth and reality than in poetry and fancy, a religion which does not make use of the principle of authority.

Dr. George Alexander De Santos Saxe died at his home in New York city on Sunday. He was born in St. Petersburg in 1876, the son of a chemist. He came to New York in 1890, and four years later graduated from Columbia. He was made gynecologist of Bellevue and the Post-graduate hospitals. Several textbooks bear his name.

Dr. Thomas Dwight, who died in Boston on Friday of last week, aged sixty-seven, was successor to Oliver Wendell Holmes in the Parkman professorship of anatomy at Harvard. He was a member of the Association of American Anatomists and of the American Society of Naturalists. He was the author of "Anatomy of the Head," "Frozen Sections of a Child," and "Variations of the Bones of the Hand and Foot."

Masuchika Shimose, a distinguished Japanese chemist, died on Wednesday of last week at Tokio. He was born in 1859, and was educated at the Imperial College of Engineering. His first official associations were with the Imperial Printing Department, where he improved methods of manufacturing printing ink and pigments. Mr. Shimose was transferred to the Naval Arsenal in 1887. As superintendent of the ammunition department he prosecuted researches in high explosives. His compound was adopted in June, 1893, by the Japanese navy, which gave it the name "Shimose powder." The Government showed its appreciation of his service by granting him a decoration and money. In 1899, the Shimose powder factory was established at Takinogawa, with the inventor as its superintendent. Mr. Shimose was the holder of the Kogakukai (engineering society) medal, and was a member of the Order of the Rising Sun.

Drama

THE DRAMAS OF MAETERLINCK.

The welcome accorded by America to the "Blue Bird" just when its power over the French public had been attested at the Théâtre Réjane, and its promise of renewed welcome this year, recall our minds to the whimsicality of that destiny which has twice at least granted brilliant popular success to the most reserved and least obsequious of dramatists. His success with "Monna Vanna," a real dramatic achievement, was humiliating to prophets, and his reconquest of the public with a mixture of poetry and spectacle like the "Blue Bird" bears curious witness to his versatile aptitudes or the persistence of his good fortune. The time seems auspicious for a survey of the dramatic output of this extraordinary mind.

I.

Between the years 1889 and 1894 a young Belgian writer, previously known to the public only through a thin volume of original and remarkable verse

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called "Serres chaudes," published eight little works bearing the name and the form of dramas. Four of these, "L'Intruse," "Les Aveugles," "Les Sept Princesses," and "Intérieur," were one-act plays, dealing with groups of persons, and all, by a suggestive coincidence, night pieces. The other four, "La Princesse Maleine," "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Alladine et Palomides," and "La Mort de Tintagiles," mustered, with some difficulty, five acts apiece, were indistinctly amatory or domestic, groped falteringly after a plot, and in common with the other group were checkered with those vague intimations for which the enunciation of the word "symbolism" is held to sum up the measure of critical responsibility. To call these pieces drama would be an act of intrepidity or of irony: not merely the action but even the psychology is stationary, the emotional and intellectual content is jejune, and the character displayed would not overtax the histrionic capacities of those marionettes for which four of the later plays were nominally destined.

None the less these so-called plays are remarkable productions. The materials are handled with a singular and striking union of solidarity and isolation: all things are enveloped by a single mood, yet against this monotonous and melancholy background each object stands out in an impressive solitude, the sources of which are distinct and succinct utterance and unexampled hardihood in repetition. The imagination unites a youthful opulence with a poignancy more usual in maturity; the diction mixes the gravity of ritual with the lisp of infancy. Certain images recur with the frequency of figures in a pattern—large architectural landmarks, towers, lighthouses, windmills, caverns and crypts, corridors and sealed doors, dividing love and fear upon the one side from crime and mystery upon the other; trees, commonly cypresses and weeping willows; birds, often nightingales and swans; water, in the curiously different forms of seas, fountains, and tears; parts of the human body, the hands and eyes, of course, and (notably and redundantly) the hair. Many of these are in a way the traditional properties of fantasy and mysticism, but nothing that touches Maeterlinck can remain conventional.

In one of his essays, "La Justice," section 5, the author has himself pointed out the dominant note in these early dramas as that of old-world fatalism qualified with the retributive phase of Christianity. The power of fate is most naturally and effectively brought out by the strength of the resistance which it masters, and Œdipus and Macbeth have accordingly received from their creators an ample portion of resolve and energy. Maeterlinck has adopted an opposite course; the universal and normal helplessness of human nature before the rigors and mystery of fate he has typified in special states of peculiar or abnormal infirmity. This explains many features in his work: the partiality for night, the omnipresent interest in sleep, the emphasis on sickness and on feebleness of mind, the prominence of blindness, the extraordinary part assigned to old age, the frequent, though less frequent, introduction of children. Most significant of all are those exhalations that bear the names of women—Maleine, Alladine, Mélisande, foreigners and outcasts, faint, dumb, cowed, ineffectual, the symbols of their helpless race on this mysterious planet.

The artistic value of an underlying idea of this kind is open to question. To us it seems as if the term fatalism or fate were little more than a juggle by which poetry seeks to reinvest the external order with the prestige of the will, intellect, and consciousness to which, in the opinion of Maeterlinck at least, it has no longer an authentic claim. A fate that is disjoined from award and intention—even, it should seem, from the uniformities of science—is, in fact, merely accident in a periwig. It is difficult to convert nothing into something by the naïve expedient of writing it with a capital N.

II.

During the period from 1896 to 1903 three dramas, "Aglavaine et Sélysette," "Monna Vanna," and "Joyzelle," gave signs of a new phase in the evolution of the powers of Maeterlinck. The old style, all incisions and punctures, made way for stately, cadenced, and flowing periods. The tension, the restiveness, of the early manner was replaced by a meditative serenity; a richer psychology, a distinct, though ethereal, intellectuality, was substituted for the dead level, not to say the fixed point, of poignant but stationary emotion. The imagery declined in power, and already showed symptoms of that Oriental exuberance which was to culminate in the deluge of flowers in "Sœur Béatrice" and the cataracts of jewels in "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue." The symbolism receded, and the issues became, in an eccentric fashion, moral. The fatalism which had levelled kindness and malice, goodness and evil, in the impartial ignominy of a common abasement before its decrees made room for the exercise of judgment and conscience; and the women, in particular, who had been, in Vaughan's language, mere "glimmerings and decays," became courageous, resolute, and masterful. Of the three plays in this group, however, two scarcely rose above their predecessors in sheer dramatic force; the third was the incomparable "Monna Vanna."

III.

Almost every dramatic aptitude except that of characterization had been shown or at least indicated by Maeterlinck in brief passages in his earlier works. It would be easy to collect instances of tragic events, of acute tension, of impassioned outbreaks, of significant declarations, of penetrating suggestions, of remarkable settings, of homely reality, of pointed dialogue. But these manifestations had been too episodic or too careless to lessen the surprise following the appearance of a powerful stage-drama from the pen of a dreamer and a mystic. In spite of obvious and serious defects in the form of finespun reasoning, redundant speech, and retarded action, the defect of "Monna Vanna" on the score of pure drama is superabundance rather than deficiency. Three successive acts develop three perfectly distinct though firmly articulated situations, of equal and superlative intensity, originality, and force; and two at least of these situations involve profound moral questions. The affluence of power overflowed the very episodes, and the quite incidental collision of Prinzivalle and Trivulzio is handled with an incisiveness unapproached by the earlier works. The mere advance in characterization was almost enough to cast doubts on the drama's authenticity.

Maeterlinck's mastership in this field seems to have been, like the kingship of Villon, the prerogative of a day. The evolution of his mind was already taking him in a direction which was to preclude either a return to the early fatalism, or a carrying onward of the phase which "Monna Vanna" half fulfilled and half interrupted, or the origination of fresh methods. His mind was to experience two distinct changes: the removal to the sphere of thought of that august and mysterious something which, in the vague guise of fatality, had first drawn him to the objective world, and the later transfer of the same impression from the outer court of the mind, where the passions jostle with the conscience and the reason, to the dusky inward tabernacle of divinations, intuitions, and reverberations. It is obvious that drama could not accompany him in the first of these migrations without difficulty, nor in the second without disaster.

The later work of Maeterlinck has an effect of excursion or byplay. In "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" an old fairy tale is deftly and lightly applied to the illustration of a modern problem; in "Sœur Béatrice," a miracle-play of the Virgin, an overcharge of pathos breaks down the slender frame of the supporting incident with injury to both; in "Marie Madeleine," a brief and rather casual effort offers us the New Testament with an edging of Sardou. Hardly more valuable as a symptom, though somewhat more solid as a product, is the child

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fairy-tale of "L'Oiseau bleu." In this whimsical five-act piece Maeterlinck has shown that the same art which commonly volatilizes the earthy may serve on occasion to solidify the impalpable. The most distinctly fantastic in form of all his productions except "Joyzelle," it is in spirit and tone the most matter-of-fact; much of it is rather elementary and obvious, and there is a bluff fellowship and jovial tartness in the handling that would almost justify a parent in hanging it on a child's Christmas-tree between a trumpet and a cornucopia.

IV.

The renascence of symbolism in our own time and its countenance by Ibsen give a peculiar interest to the forms it assumes in a man of Maeterlinck's originality. Ibsen's own success in this material never justified his frequent resort to its aid; he was unable either to blend it with his realism or to keep it entirely distinct; it clung loosely like a pendant or affix. Has the success of the younger dramatist been great enough to constitute a recommendation of the method?

The first point of interest is the smallness of the bulk of the really significant symbolism in Maeterlinck. It is in only a few of the dramas, regarded as wholes, that the meanings found by the reader are clear enough to make him sure of their validity for others. "Les Aveugles" embodies a clear, powerful, and awful symbol; in "L'Intruse," the meaning is evident, but has no ethical quality; in "Ariane" a pointed lesson falls on us with the percussion of a *bon mot*. Excluding what is equivocal or incidental, we find little else to detain us before the date of "L'Oiseau bleu." In this play, the losses of color in the several birds suggest clearly enough the illusoriness of the happiness to be found in memories, in dreams, in the world's future, in the kingdom of death, and even the uncertainty of the better founded hopes that place it in the affections and sacrifices of common life. The allegory which makes the life of departed spirits ebb and flow with the rise and fall of remembrance in the hearts of the living is of touching and unequalled beauty. But even here the returns in symbolism seem hardly commensurate with the outlay in picture, and the invention is at times more suggestive of the workshop than the studio.

We doubt if Maeterlinck can properly be called a symbolist, if that term is held to connote a fondness for the precise and definitive attachment of moral ideas to external objects, for making, in other words—after the fashion congenial to Swedenborg and Schelling and not distasteful to Ruskin—a lexicon of the spiritual world in terms of the material. What he craves is not so much suggestions as suggestiveness, and he is a little shy of interpretations which cheapen the mystery they resolve. He loves the secrets of life as a Gothic warrior might value the runes inscribed upon his sword-hilt; they enrich the weapon all the more that their meaning is inscrutable.

There remains the general mystic atmosphere, which impresses us as most distinct and effective in the author's closest approximations to life. Between the mystical and the romantic there is an undoubted affinity, but what each needs is not so much an ally as a corrective. The object of both is to strip reality of its sheath of commonplace, and the end is gained in each case at a considerable and regrettable expense of verisimilitude. Either force, by itself, can effect this removal, and the double estrangement from reality which is produced by the union of the two merely impairs truth without profit to distinction. Accordingly, we fully agree with M. Lemaître and M. Chaumeix in the high estimate which they put upon the one-act piece called "Intérieur," in which the simplest actions of a normal evening in an every-day household are raised to mystery and dignity by the observer's situation in the darkness of the enclosing garden and his knowledge of the approach of fatal tidings.

V.

The six volumes of essays published by Maeterlinck lie outside of the immediate province of this article, but a glance at their moral content is essential to the formation of clear ideas on the ethical import of his writings. The ethics set forth in these works comprise the loftiest and most refined standards, the most fervent and inclusive charities, and a disinterestedness in the relinquishment of all premiums, both religious and utilitarian, which borders on the heroic. We are in contact with a mind which claims to have found joy and peace in the absence, the renunciation, of all the traditional and accepted guarantees. The unequivocal, almost unregretful, concession of the sternest demands of materialism and evolution has failed to disturb the author in that beatific tranquillity which religion once reserved for the favored hours of her happiest disciples. Claims of this sort advanced by a strong mind with unhesitating assurance should not be hastily or irreverently dismissed by an age whose heart is torn between its religious needs and its intellectual obligations. At the same time the very depth of the interest which we have in the truth of this philosophy impels us to be careful, even rigorous, in our examination of its credentials.

We find in the ethics of these essays a beauty which is almost unearthly, the loveliness which, in a human constitution, would suggest fragility. A sense of "a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed," is latent for us in the delicate luxury of permitting our minds to be sprayed, so to speak, by the emanations from these balmy sentences. Two things, in particular, arouse distrust: the superlatively high pitch both of the requirements and of the promises, and the marked rarity of specifications and applications. The relaxations of demand which practice extorts from the most resolute are never seen, and the ideals are unblemished by any signs of contact with the dust and smoke of the external world. Not one of those wails which the gap between hope and deed, between vision and attainment, has wrung from the tortured souls of saints and prophets from Paul to Emerson disturbs by so much as a ripple the assured quietude of Maeterlinck. We begin to be half ashamed of our evangelists and martyrs with their absurd fuss about this facile problem of redeeming their own souls and the human race from the yoke of moral evil. In this remodelled universe victories are a matter of course, and exaltations and felicities are dispensed with the same liberality as countships and dukedoms by a prince in exile.

These observations are naturally inconclusive, but they give interest and piquancy to the application of a second test, the test of the form which these ideals assume in the concrete representations in the dramas. In "Monna Vanna" the morality is eccentric to the verge of paradox. In this not extensive play we have the pattern of chastity assenting to a midnight assignation, the pattern of fidelity abandoning her husband, and the pattern of sincerity resorting to the most involved and elaborate duplicity. We are not prepared to condemn her actions as immoral; but we are entitled perhaps to some misgivings as to the wholesomeness and elevation of a mind which overhauls the recesses of possibility to discover and illustrate the few anomalous occasions in which perfidy may be noble and adultery magnanimous. Again, the culmination of "Monna Vanna" is signalized by three several transactions: the rescue of Prinzivalle, the abandonment of Guido, and the acceptance of Prinzivalle as a lover: and, however the author's subtlety or the reader's dulness may succeed in confounding or identifying the three, it is clear that they rest upon separate foundations, and that the foundations of the third are decidedly the least secure. Further, the really noble and inspiring outcome for the situation of the first act was either not discerned by Maeterlinck or was sacrificed to dramatic effects of a grosser but more powerful nature. That conclusion would have involved the consummation of the infamy, and forthwith—in keeping with the fine analogy of Godiva suggested by Mr. Courtney—the return of Vanna, in proud humility, to a life of invincible chastity with her husband. But the

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blood of the Renaissance beats only too clearly and passionately in the veins of this Lucretia à la Maeterlinck, and the words with which she closes the play seem to vibrate with a luxurious foretaste of the very relations which it has been her glory in the first act to accept as martyrdom.

In "Aglavaine et Sélysette" there are two persons, man and woman, of highly refined and amiable temper, for whom life is, in Cowper's words, "Elysian reverie." All things become volatilized, as it were, in this rare and intangible medium; we get a vapor of right and a vapor of wrong which, like other gases, exhibit the property of interfusion to a degree which makes them virtually indistinguishable. These persons utter lovely sentiments in exquisite language; this seems indeed to mark the limit of their occupations and their capacities: and meanwhile they are driving a poor young creature—for whom they each feel a tenderness that is fairly celestial both in its fervor and in its condescension—into a state of mind which results in her casting herself down from a tower. It would be too much to say that Maeterlinck is in sympathy with these beatific personalities, but their perfect sympathy with him is only too fatally obvious. As with Simon Peter in the hall of Caiaphas, their speech betrayeth them; it is plain that they have read and reread "La Sagesse et la destinée" and "Le Trésor des humbles."

In Sélysette herself we have another instance of the moral contradictions so congenial to Maeterlinck: a young girl who is the embodiment of innocence and simplicity lies in the hour of death for a magnanimous purpose, and arranges the supports of her falsehood with a cunning hypocrisy which would have dazzled or appalled a Jesuit. In "Joyzelle" a woman buys her lover's life by the sacrifice of her chastity, and then proposes to protect her chastity by assassination (which is forgivable) and by treachery to the compact which has saved her lover. It is a striking fact that, in a dramatic output of five or six volumes, an author who pitches his philosophy in the key of Marcus Aurelius, Coleridge, or Emerson should have availed himself three times of the unsavory expedient which is immortalized in "Measure for Measure" and popularized in "La Tosca." To the cases of "Monna Vanna" and "Joyzelle" he has not scrupled to add that of "Marie Madeleine." To those of us who have not buried our good taste in the sepulchre of our orthodoxy, it may seem that the honor of making the safety of Christ the subject of one of these revolting bargains might well enough have been left in the undivided possession of the German playwright from whom Maeterlinck borrowed or (more accurately) wrested it.

The foregoing discussion by no means indicates that Maeterlinck is a sensualist or a hypocrite, or that he lacks many amiable and noble qualities. But, in spite of one or two instances of real sacrifice like that of Sélysette, it is impossible to affirm that the life exhibited in these plays affords any powerful or consistent support to the ideals of the nobler morality; it must even be conceded that it shows a rather evident leaning toward the paradoxical, the eccentric, the sexual, and the disingenuous. The plays as a whole unsettle, rather than confirm, the reverence inspired by the beautiful philosophy unfolded in the stately eloquence of the essays. The doubts which occur to the investigator relate less to the mere correctness of the affirmations than to that application and attestation in experience which alone can impart to moral truth a profound and enduring significance. The perusal of the philosophy itself is the origin of these doubts: and they are not dissipated by a reading of the plays.

O. W. Firkins.

University of Minnesota.

"The Summons of the King," a play in blank verse by Philip Becker Goetz, will appear late in October from the McDowell Press, Buffalo.

"The Pigeon," a new play by John Galsworthy, has been accepted by Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie for future production at the Royalty Theatre, London.

J. Comyns Carr is, by arrangement with the author, making a stage version of A. E. W. Mason's novel, "The Four Feathers."

"The Quality of Mercy" is the title of Hall Caine's latest play, which has just been tried in Manchester. There are forty characters in the cast.

A. E. Thomas's new comedy, "What the Doctor Ordered," will be presented in the Astor Theatre on the 20th inst., with Fritz Williams in the lead of the merry-makers.

"The Outsiders" is the title given by Charles Klein to his new play, which will be produced by the Authors' Producing Company in November. The theme is taken from incidents in every-day life as gleaned from the daily newspapers, and in general character resembles "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Gamblers."

Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy, to be produced in a week or two at the London St. James's, is called "The Ogre." In spite of the fierce title, however, the piece is said to be of a light character. The ogre is simply the head of a modern family, and the troubles dealt with are those of ordinary, every-day experience. The cast, which is a long one, will be headed, of course, by Sir George Alexander. The nature of Mr. Jones's work varies widely, but is generally distinguished by excellence of some kind.

"Disraeli," with George Arliss in the principal character, will be presented here for the first time in Wallack's Theatre on the 18th inst. This piece had a successful career last season, both in this country and Canada, and will be awaited with considerable interest. Mr. Arliss is said to provide a wonderful counterfeit presentment of one of the most picturesque of modern British politicians—in the matter of externals, at all events.

Music

A Viennese publishing house is said to have in press the autobiography of Karl Goldmark.

Kurt Schindler has compiled and arranged for the Schirmers "A Century of Russian Song," embracing songs by a dozen Russians from Glinka to Rachmaninoff, and including Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky.

New York's leading orchestra, the Philharmonic, last year, for the first time in its career, undertook a long tour. This season a second tour will be made, consisting of twenty-five concerts, as far west as St. Paul, and possibly further. The New York season of the Philharmonic begins with two concerts on November 2 and 3, at which the soloist will be the Russian violinist Zimbalist, who has created a genuine sensation in the musical countries of Europe.

Paderewski, who was one of the first to recognize the great merits of Frederick Stock, the present leader of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in Chicago, paid a striking tribute to the man who is to be conductor the coming season of the New York Philharmonic. "Stransky," he said at a recent luncheon in Paris, "is one of the coming musicians, and is certain to make as deep an impression in America as he has done in the past few years in Europe."

Philadelphia will open its opera season as early as November 3, with Mary Garden as Carmen.

Saint-Saëns, Richard Strauss, Max Schillings, Ludwig Hess, Arthur Friedheim, and Busoni are among the famous musicians who will participate in the Liszt centennial festival at Heidelberg, October 21 to 25.

It seems to be the fate of Jewish composers particularly to be overrated during their life, underrated afterwards. Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn were so undeservedly popular compared with some other greater men of their time that one can understand the indignation which made Wagner write his pamphlet, "Das Judenthum in der Musik." After the death of Mendelssohn his vogue waned rapidly, till it became necessary for sane critics to call a halt and point out that he was, after all, a genius and some of his pieces masterworks. Meyerbeer's star sank more slowly. Not so many years ago he still held the prominent place in the Paris repertory which has now been won by Wagner. In New York, also, in the days of Maurice Grau, Meyerbeer held the first place at the Metropolitan, where Wagner now has a larger number of performances than any other composer, while Meyerbeer's very name seems to have been forgotten. In Berlin an effort is being made to rehabilitate Meyerbeer, who was born in that city in 1791, and who from 1831 on for over half a century was the favorite of Parisian opera-goers. A monument is to be erected in his honor in the German metropolis, and the funds are to be obtained by revivals of his works at the leading German opera houses. The most remarkable thing about this movement is the number of prominent persons who head

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it. The Kaiser is interested, and among those who have signed their names are Count Hülsen-Haeseler, Leopold Schmidt, Lilli Lehmann, Rudolf Mosse, Dr. Muck, Georg Schumann, Albert Niemann, Richard Strauss.

The death is reported from Brussels of Imbart De La Tour, a Belgian tenor. He appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in 1901.

Art

Piranesi. By Arthur Samuel. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910. 215 pp. 25 plates. 12mo. $5 net.

Piranesi's most important work as an etcher, and that by which he is known to the connoisseur and collector to-day, is found in the best of the plates in which he contrasted the ruined magnificence of Rome with the every-day life around it. He presented always the picturesque aspect of these old structures, with a tendency to emphasize effect, to draw Rome, as Mr. Samuel puts it, "more splendid than she had been even at the zenith of her magnificence." He saw his subjects, and executed his large plates, in a large way. His extravagantly attitudinizing figures rather help to accentuate, by their own grotesque littleness, the monumental relics of the great art of a great people. Rhetorical emphasis was part of his method, and at its best his manner rises to the dignity of a style. His genius has been well described as scenic; there was an element of the histrionic in him.

One may appreciate fully the peculiar talent of this artist without necessarily subscribing to Mr. Samuel's dictum that "architectural etching has culminated with" Piranesi, or that "he summed up the results of the etcher's craft and carried them to a point beyond which they have not been improved." Incidentally, it is inexplicable why De Quincy and Coleridge should be quoted, with approbation, as calling Piranesi "the Rembrandt of Etchers," but perhaps there is a slip of the pen here, and "the Rembrandt of Architecture" (a name often applied to Piranesi) is intended. The tendency to superlatives is not calculated to make one feel that the present book, in its comments on Piranesi as an etcher, can entirely supersede the incisive and sanely appreciative criticism in the little pamphlet (1905) by the late Russell Sturgis.

It is, in fact, not so much Piranesi the etcher as Piranesi the archæologist, with the resolve "to preserve by means of engravings" the splendors of ancient Rome, who particularly holds the attention of the author. Mr. Samuel is so impressed with the fierce, untiring energy with which this Italian artist labored to arouse more widespread interest in ancient art, that he would extend the influence of his subject to the furthest limits. To Piranesi are indebted Robert Adam, Chippendale, Sir William Chambers, Ceracchi the sculptor (known to Americans particularly through his busts of Hamilton and Franklin), Cotman (who, indeed, himself said: "I decidedly *follow* Piranesi"), Dance the architect of Newgate, Sir John Soane architect of the Bank of England, Robert Mylne architect of old Blackfriars Bridge, Wedgwood, Flaxman, and finally American architects, with their strong leaning toward classic form. Even the "science of hypothesis," which Mr. Samuel himself characterizes as "not a fruitful one," is assiduously cultivated; for instance, in regard to a possible effect on Doré and Poe.

The facts, stripped of rhetoric, are about these: Piranesi, a prominent figure in the movement of the day toward appreciation of antique art, which found expression notably in the writings of Winckelmann and the activities of the Society of Dilettanti, devoted himself to the production of pictorial records of ancient architecture and decoration. The material thus made available educated public taste for the antique, and proved of great use to designers active in architecture and the decorative and applied arts. His infectious enthusiasm no doubt strongly influenced the artists with whom he personally came into contact, and his imaginative designs in the classical spirit, practicable or not, are still to-day, it is said, a source of inspiration to students of architecture.

Of the two usual and expected additions to a work of this kind, Bibliography and Index, the latter is useful, though not infallible, and though not including references to the different series of plates. A separate list of these series is given, however, which will be appreciated by those who have tried to collate a set of Piranesi's works, although it does not in any case note individual plates. (A. M. Hind has half promised a complete list of Piranesi's publications.) In the Bibliography, the "Catalogo delle migliori stampe di incisione in rame che esistono nella Regia Calcografia" (Rome, 1904), of which pages 37-52 are devoted to Piranesi, might well have found a place.

When all is said, and the fact recorded that Mr. Samuel's book is not to be used without reference to other literature on the subject, this well and discriminatingly illustrated volume, evidently the result of stimulating enthusiasm, remains an interesting addition to the growing list of monographs on individual practitioners in the reproductive graphic arts.

Among the books of the season announced by Heinemann we note "A Treatise on the Technique of Painting," by Charles Moreau Vautier; "The Biography of John Gibson," the sculptor, and two architectural albums on "The Romanesque School in France" and "Baroque Art in Italy."

From F. Gutekunst of Philadelphia we have received a photograph of the late Edwin Abbey. It is an excellent likeness, and could well be framed.

The large and fully illustrated folio, "Civic Art," by Thomas H. Mawson (Scribner, importation, $20 net), is devoted to town planning, parks, boulevards, and open spaces. The examples are largely drawn from the author's designs, notable among which are the Dunfermline park projects under the Carnegie Trust, and the Southport and Lever Park improvements near Liverpool. A number of standard city and park plans from the Continent are included, but in general the book is pretty closely confined to English interests, and to Mr. Mawson's own activities. A general discussion of the limits of naturalistic and geometrical design will interest American landscape architects, to whom, indeed, the volume will serve rather for suggestion than for specific guidance. In paging over Mr. Mawson's interesting designs, your reviewer is struck by the skilful and artistic use of bodies of water. Here is a point in which American town, park, and country-place planning is strangely backward, less from lack of water than from the difficulty of mediating between the severe and picturesque methods. As in all design, success depends upon a reasonable linking of improvements with preëxisting conditions whether of man's or nature's making—a text upon which our author constantly and sensibly expatiates.

The well-known French painter of battle scenes, Auguste-Henri-Louis de Clermont, died recently in Paris at the age of sixty-seven.

Finance

THE BERLIN STOCK MARKET AND THE "WAR TALK."

At first glance, last Saturday's news of a sudden and demoralizing break on the German stock exchanges, combined with a sharp rise in money rates at Berlin and a run on various provincial savings banks, would seem to reflect a turn for the worse in the Franco-German negotiations. The curious fact about the incident, however, is that it occurred at the very moment when the "Moroccan situation" had become more reassuring than for many weeks past. Not only so, but financial Paris, which certainly had as much reason as financial Berlin to be concerned at a renewed prospect of war, remained calm while German prices were breaking. These facts suggest that there must have been some underlying cause for the financial disorder in Germany, not directly connected with the fear of war. As a matter of fact, there was such a cause; for the German market, like our own, had lately reached a position where it had to pay the penalty for a premature resumption of industrial expansion and financial speculation after the shock of 1907.

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The event of that year was a world-wide phenomenon. It broke with the greatest violence on New York, but Europe was not spared, and the German markets had become a focus of serious trouble, even before the Knickerbocker Trust Company's failure precipitated panic here. The cause in Germany, as in America, was the straining of capital resources to the breaking-point in the excited financial exploitation of the day. But the Germans, like ourselves, refused to recognize the collapse of 1907 as anything but a passing incident; the movement of speculation and expansion was resumed, and in Germany it was resumed very largely on the basis of capital borrowed from France and England—a precarious basis, since those markets, too, were confronted with impaired resources.

Our own effort at premature resumption of the exploits of 1906 broke down a year and a half ago, and the resultant liquidation has not entirely ended yet. London and Paris passed through a similar experience this past summer. It was hardly to be expected that Berlin, relying as it did on the capital of those two markets, should escape a pretty severe financial reckoning; and, although the "war scare" cannot be called the fundamental influence, it certainly could not have helped matters that Germany's chief creditors at the time were the markets of the two nations with which the diplomacy of the German Government was threatening war.

But whether the break on Berlin's markets resulted immediately from fear of war or from causes apart from war, the inquiry naturally arises: How would the markets act if war were really on the cards? Sometimes markets "discount" war many weeks ahead; sometimes they hardly move until it comes. In 1898, our own stock and money markets had their violent convulsion in February, just after the "Maine" was destroyed in the harbor of Havana. When war was actually declared, on April 20, they hardly moved at all. But in 1899, when Kruger sent his ultimatum on October 10, the money market was only a week ahead of the event. The Bank of England rate began the month at 3½ per cent., on October 3 it rose to 4½, and two days afterward to 5. Even the London Stock Exchange did not grow excited until that week.

Perhaps, however, a more interesting case in point would be the European markets when the great Franco-Prussian war of 1870 began. That was a time when financial markets failed to show which way the wind was blowing, until the storm broke full upon them. Two or three weeks before France declared war, on July 15 of that year, the discount rate was only 3 per cent. at London, 2½ at Paris, and 3¾ at Berlin; and the trifling weakness on the stock exchanges was ascribed exclusively to drought in the harvest district of the Continent. When, however, France had presented its impossible demands to the Prussian King, and William had curtly ordered the French ambassador to leave, and the Paris government had declared war, the crash came.

There was panic on London's Stock Exchange, in the course of which all European government securities, including consols, went to pieces. Within a fortnight the London bank rate rose from 3½ to 6 per cent., the Berlin rate from 4 to 8½, and the rate of the Bank of France from 2½ to 6. Within a month the Bank of France had suspended specie payments. Wheat went up violently in price; bills of Continental banking houses could not be negotiated in London. Nobody knew certainly whether England herself could keep out of the fight, and most people thought that the French fleet, which was five or six times as large as Prussia's, would blockade the Channel and put a stop to trade with the German ports.

What would have happened, had the Franco-Prussian war been prolonged like those of 1899 or 1904, is a matter of conjecture. But the "débâcle" came with wholly unexpected swiftness. The German army moved instantly and with mechanical precision across the French frontier; this, while the strongest part of the French reserves, with its officers untrained and taken unawares, was marching and counter-marching nearer to Paris than to the Rhine frontier. The French fleet had no time to move, and no plan for action. Bazaine was beaten at Gravelotte barely one month after war had been declared, and was surrounded and "bottled up" in Metz, whence he could give no help to the rest of the French army. Napoleon III, after having allowed himself, his generals, and his army to be encircled at Sedan, surrendered almost exactly two months after the fighting had begun. Even before Gravelotte, the Bank of England had begun to reduce its discount rate; from 6 per cent. in the middle of August, it was down to 2½ before Sedan. Napoleon's surrender was the signal for a general rise on the stock exchanges and the cotton markets, and for a fall in wheat.

A mere review of the story of 1870, as it began and ended, shows the difficulty of drawing analogies with the present markets. There is this at least to say—that whatever else might happen, European markets would not be taken unawares by a declaration of war to-day, as they were in 1870. And then, who knows whether matters would move as swiftly and assuredly as they did forty years ago, when there were no frontier fortifications, no trained iron fleet, no aeroplanes, and no speech from an English Premier committing the British Government to stand by France?

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Liv ng Without a Boss. Harper. $1 net.
American Jewish Year Book, 5672 (1911-1912). Philadelphia: Jewish Pub. Society of America.
Atkins, F. A. Life Worth While. Revell. 75 cents net.
Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. Series A: Cuneiform Texts. Vol. XXIX, Part 1; by H. Radau. Philadelphia.
Barrett, W. A. English Church Composers. New edition. Scribner.
Bartlett, D. W. The Better Country. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co. $1.50 net.
Barton, F. B. Laurence Sterne en France. Paris: Hackette et Cie.
Bell, J. J. The Indiscretions of Maister Redhorn. Revell.
Bibliographical Society of America. Papers, Vol. V, 1910. University of Chicago Press. $3.08.
Black, H. Happiness. Revell.
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The event of that year was a world-wide phenomenon. It broke with the greatest violence on New York, but Europe was not spared, and the German markets had become a focus of serious trouble, even before the Knickerbocker Trust Company's failure precipitated panic here. The cause in Germany, as in America, was the straining of capital resources to the breaking-point in the excited financial exploitation of the day. But the Germans, like ourselves, refused to recognize the collapse of 1907 as anything but a passing incident; the movement of speculation and expansion was resumed, and in Germany it was resumed very largely on the basis of capital borrowed from France and England—a precarious basis, since those markets, too, were confronted with impaired resources.

Our own effort at premature resumption of the exploits of 1906 broke down a year and a half ago, and the resultant liquidation has not entirely ended yet. London and Paris passed through a similar experience this past summer. It was hardly to be expected that Berlin, relying as it did on the capital of those two markets, should escape a pretty severe financial reckoning; and, although the "war scare" cannot be called the fundamental influence, it certainly could not have helped matters that Germany's chief creditors at the time were the markets of the two nations with which the diplomacy of the German Government was threatening war.

But whether the break on Berlin's markets resulted immediately from fear of war or from causes apart from war, the inquiry naturally arises: How would the markets act if war were really on the cards? Sometimes markets "discount" war many weeks ahead; sometimes they hardly move until it comes. In 1898, our own stock and money markets had their violent convulsion in February, just after the "Maine" was destroyed in the harbor of Havana. When war was actually declared, on April 20, they hardly moved at all. But in 1899, when Kruger sent his ultimatum on October 10, the money market was only a week ahead of the event. The Bank of England rate began the month at 3½ per cent., on October 3 it rose to 4½, and two days afterward to 5. Even the London Stock Exchange did not grow excited until that week.

Perhaps, however, a more interesting case in point would be the European markets when the great Franco-Prussian war of 1870 began. That was a time when financial markets failed to show which way the wind was blowing, until the storm broke full upon them. Two or three weeks before France declared war, on July 15 of that year, the discount rate was only 3 per cent. at London, 2½ at Paris, and 3¾ at Berlin; and the trifling weakness on the stock exchanges was ascribed exclusively to drought in the harvest district of the Continent. When, however, France had presented its impossible demands to the Prussian King, and William had curtly ordered the French ambassador to leave, and the Paris government had declared war, the crash came.

There was panic on London's Stock Exchange, in the course of which all European government securities, including consols, went to pieces. Within a fortnight the London bank rate rose from 3½ to 6 per cent., the Berlin rate from 4 to 8½, and the rate of the Bank of France from 2½ to 6. Within a month the Bank of France had suspended specie payments. Wheat went up violently in price; bills of Continental banking houses could not be negotiated in London. Nobody knew certainly whether England herself could keep out of the fight, and most people thought that the French fleet, which was five or six times as large as Prussia's, would blockade the Channel and put a stop to trade with the German ports.

What would have happened, had the Franco-Prussian war been prolonged like those of 1899 or 1904, is a matter of conjecture. But the "débâcle" came with wholly unexpected swiftness. The German army moved instantly and with mechanical precision across the French frontier; this, while the strongest part of the French reserves, with its officers untrained and taken unawares, was marching and counter-marching nearer to Paris than to the Rhine frontier. The French fleet had no time to move, and no plan for action. Bazaine was beaten at Gravelotte barely one month after war had been declared, and was surrounded and "bottled up" in Metz, whence he could give no help to the rest of the French army. Napoleon III, after having allowed himself, his generals, and his army to be encircled at Sedan, surrendered almost exactly two months after the fighting had begun. Even before Gravelotte, the Bank of England had begun to reduce its discount rate; from 6 per cent. in the middle of August, it was down to 2½ before Sedan. Napoleon's surrender was the signal for a general rise on the stock exchanges and the cotton markets, and for a fall in wheat.

A mere review of the story of 1870, as it began and ended, shows the difficulty of drawing analogies with the present markets. There is this at least to say—that whatever else might happen, European markets would not be taken unawares by a declaration of war to-day, as they were in 1870. And then, who knows whether matters would move as swiftly and assuredly as they did forty years ago, when there were no frontier fortifications, no trained iron fleet, no aeroplanes, and no speech from an English Premier committing the British Government to stand by France?

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